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THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE contest between the Government and the handful of Irish obstructives has assumed a new and very serious phase. It has become a contest between the House of Commons and a minority of five or seven Irishmen; or rather the grave question may be said to have arisen, how the House of Commons is to secure its own existence as a legislative assembly. It cannot be too clearly understood that this is precisely the question which the Irish obstructives have meant all along to raise, and it must be owned that they have succeeded in raising it. They leave us in no doubt whatever as to their purpose. They allege, and with perfect truth, that the House will not pass the measures which they are pleased to think necessary or advisable for Ireland. They wish to coerce the House into allowing them to legislate for Ireland as they please by preventing the House from carrying the English, Scotch, and Imperial measures which it wishes to pass. No issue could be more simple and precise. Is Ireland to be governed by half-a-dozen Home Rulers, or by the Crown and Parliament of England? As the mode of carrying out their object which this tiny faction adopts is the abuse of the forms of the House, they occasionally condescend to ignore for the moment their main purpose, and to offer themselves as persons only anxious that the forms of the House should be used for their legitimate end, and serve for the ensurance of due attention to legislation. They then protest that they are not obstructives. They are merely insisting on amendments that will, as they honestly think, improve the Bill under discussion, or they are pleading that important measures shall be discussed in a full House by members who have paid attention to the debate, and at seasonable hours. But this temporary accommodation to Parliamentary language is only a precaution which, while in the House, they cannot avoid employing. It would be a flagrant contempt for the House if, when addressing it, they boldly said that they meant to stop all non-Irish legislation, good or bad, until they were allowed to govern Ireland. But, when they get outside the House, they need not stoop to cloaks or subterfuges; and they announce with complete and boastful frankness what it is that they are really doing. The speeches of Mr. PARNELL and Mr. BIGGAR at Manchester were free from any disguise. The burden of all their discourse was that even so small a band could show their English taskmasters their enormous force; but that, if the Irish members generally would act with them, they would be omnipotent. Already they have shaken the legislative existence of the House of Commons, but then they could destroy it. It would be easy to show that their behaviour throughout the Session has been in conformity with their real intention; that they began obstruction at once and have steadily persisted in it; that they have moved to report progress not only in the middle of the night, but in the early hours of debate; that they have proposed amendments which they have been obliged to allow they could not themselves put into words, or which were utter nonsense. But to the public, which can take cognizance of what they say outside the House, such confirmatory proofs are superfluous. When they boast that they are endeavouring to stop all legislation, it is unnecessary to prove that, even if they had concealed their design, it could still have been detected.

The Government is acting not for itself alone, but for the House of Commons as a body, and receives the enthusiastic

support, not only of the regular Opposition, but of the great bulk of Irish members. But still it is the Government which has to decide what shall be done. It proposes, and, although it is certain of support, it has the responsibility of proposing. Last week, after having announced its intention of punishing Mr. PARNELL, it abandoned this mode of action, and contented itself with proposing and carrying two new rules. It was unfortunately obvious to every one that these rules would in practice be entirely inoperative. They were tested on Tuesday and Wednesday, and found to be worthless. They were even so badly drawn that the Chairman of Committee, having interpreted them in one sense, had subsequently to give up his own ruling and interpret them in another sense. They did nothing to promote order, and they interposed no barrier in the way of constant divisions on motions to report progress, or that the Chairman should leave the Chair. On Tuesday the Government took a further step; and, in concert with the leaders of the Opposition, arranged that the House should continue sitting, one relay of members taking the place of another until the South Africa Bill was passed through Committee. This was carried out, and in the end the Government succeeded, although this success was not obtained until the Government had threatened to own itself defeated, and invite the House to deal with its victorious enemies. To the course thus taken there were grave and obvious objections. In the first place, there was something unseemly and undignified in a contest of physical endurance, in members boasting that they had breakfasted, and being cheered when they said they had slept. In the next place, hour after hour was consumed in wrangling with the obstructives, in applying to them harsh and contemptuous language, which they richly deserved, in their appealing for protection to the Chair, and in counter attempts to get them called to order. Lastly, the House, although it did get the Bill through, did not get it through in the way in which a legislative assembly ought to get through a Bill of considerable constitutional and political importance. It abandoned altogether its critical functions. In order to avoid improper discussion, it was necessary to avoid proper discussion, and this was a derogation from the due position of a legislative assembly. To balance these disadvantages there was the one advantage, that by this long and tedious process the character and the motives of the Irish opposition were made manifest to all the world. As Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT put it, the sole object of the whole proceeding was to give the Irishmen rope enough. The House wished above all things to show that, if it had to punish, it would not punish lightly or with precipitation. It could not be easy until it had recorded in a striking and unusual manner how scrupulous was its desire to protect to the last extremity the freedom of debate and the independence of individual members.

As those who have had the longest experience of Parliament, and best know its usages, traditions, and feelings, concurred in thinking that it was advisable to give this elaborate proof of what no one has called in question, we may be content to accept their opinion. But what is to come next? The Irish obstructives were to have rope enough, and they have had it. Rope was paid out to them for twenty-six hours without stopping, and the country awaits with interest the result of the experiment. In order to anticipate the future, it is interesting to know how they themselves look on what has happened. It

appears that they are perfect gluttons of rope, and can dispose of any amount of it. The process of serving them with it was scarcely at an end when one of the most conspicuous of their number, Mr. O'DONNELL, went off to a banquet given in his honour at Islington. The proceedings of the House of Commons had evidently not impressed him with that salutary awe which they were intended to inspire. He came as a conquering hero rather than as a defeated intriguer. He was introduced to his hearers by the chairman, who informed them that Mr. O'DONNELL had entered Parliament for the simple purpose of protesting against English and Scotch interference in Irish affairs, and that he had just made a gallant stand, which had tried both the great political parties to their uttermost. Mr. O'DONNELL himself was jubilant and exulting. He had no notion in his head, except that he had won a signal success. He had beaten his enemies, the Government, the House, the English and Scotch public. The obstructionist, he triumphantly explains, has proved to be the sorest puzzle that has taxed the ingenuity of an English Government since the Northern Earls were a thorn in the side of Queen ELIZABETH'S advisers. He was even melted into a tone of pity for the Government and the House. They were so impotent that it almost vexed his noble soul to have to contend with foes that were beaten so easily. He laughed at the new rules, which he certainly was quite entitled to do. He confidently invited the whole world to tell the Government what it could possibly do next. Nothing would avail, and he saw no reason why he and his faithful friends should not continue to give the Government and the House a few more useful and necessary lessons. Mr. BIGGAR followed, and spoke in the same strain, taking occasion once more to explain that he only went to Parliament for the purpose of advocating and insisting upon Irish rights at any cost and any inconvenience. Thus the Government and the House of Commons have at least had fair warning given them. They are not to be allowed to legislate. The Government is not to be a Government, and the House is not to be a legislative assembly. It is to be a mob of ineffectual persons receiving lessons from half-a-dozen Irishmen. It is in many ways convenient that this simple issue should be so distinctly raised, and that the House of Commons has nothing to decide but whether it intends to exist, in the sense in which it has hitherto existed, or not. The Government must now propose something really effectual, the time for leniency and irresolution being past. It has its choice between proceeding against the obstructives personally and directly, making them answerable for the breach of privilege which, according to the ruling of the SPEAKER, they have unquestionably committed, and framing new rules which would effectually stop the action of the obstructives. Such rules might perhaps be framed. It might be provided that no member who has moved to report progress or that the Chairman leave the chair shall subsequently make either of these motions until after the next adjournment of the House, and that, when a division is called for, the SPEAKER or Chairman shall, if he think fit, order those supporting the motion for a division to stand up, and, if they are less than a given number, pronounce that the division is against them. But the objection to new rules of this sort is that it is difficult to tell how they will work, and that the whole House will be punishing itself in order to control an insignificant minority. Direct proceedings against the most wilful and pertinacious of the obstructives would have the advantage of putting the House in its proper position as the guardian of its own privileges, of allowing punishment to fall only where it was deserved, and, in spite of all the tall talk at Islington, of being sure to fulfil its object.

THE WAR.

THERE seems to be no doubt that the Turks have inflicted more than one serious defeat on the enemy, though the enormous Russian losses which are reported may probably be exaggerated. If it is true that in successive battles in the neighbourhood of Plevna 30,000 Russians have been killed and wounded, the reputation of the generals in command will be gravely compromised. The statement that the Russian troops were greatly outnumbered, though it may be creditable to the soldiers, involves the most serious imputation on the character of the commanders. The invading army on the South of the Danube must by this time be far more numerous than the

force of which the Turkish leaders can dispose, after providing for the safety of the fortresses. It is probably not true that General KRUDENER was guilty of the blunder of attacking OSMAN PASHA with insufficient numbers. The Correspondents at the Russian headquarters, and more especially those who remain at Bucharest, are evidently used as channels for the circulation of the most outrageous fictions. Twice within a week the *Times*' Correspondent at Bucharest has reported imaginary Russian victories obtained in battles which have never occurred. The defeat of SULEIMAN PASHA on the road to Adrianople and the triumph of the CESAREWITCH near Shumla were eagerly accepted from some ingenious inventor who may perhaps have been concerned in operations on the Stock Exchange. The Correspondent of the *Times* with the Russian army in Asia states that an important telegram written by him and approved and signed by the military censor had not only been delayed, but deliberately altered. Turkish authorities, though they are accused of tampering with telegraphic messages, are less audacious or more scrupulous. It is not yet known whether the Turkish victory in the North has compelled the Russian force which had crossed the Balkans to retreat; but there can be little doubt that the advance on Adrianople must for the present be suspended. Even if the Russians accomplish their object in a single campaign, they will not have obtained their victory cheaply. The spirit of the Turkish army will be revived by a practical proof that resistance to the invader is not necessarily hopeless. It seems possible that in Europe, as in Asia, the Russian generals may have underrated the obstacles with which they have to contend.

The result of the engagements in Bulgaria has not yet been fully ascertained; but the partial success of the new Turkish generals illustrates the fatal policy of having entrusted the conduct of the campaign to an aged and incapable commander. OSMAN PASHA or the German officer who now holds the chief command would certainly not have allowed the enemy either to pass the Danube or to cross the Balkans without suffering heavy loss. The troops which defeated the Russians at Plevna might have cut off the vanguard at Sistova before the bulk of the army had reached the right bank of the river. It is too much to expect that skill or valour will now suffice to repel the overwhelming numbers of which the invader can dispose. Reinforcements are still pouring in from the North; and the EMPEROR has at last found it expedient to make use of the humble ally who has long been soliciting permission to take part in a struggle with which he has no concern. A Roumanian garrison occupies Nicopolis, with the result of allowing a corresponding Russian force to co-operate with the main army in the field. The Servians still threaten hostilities by which they hope to retrieve the failures of last year; and there can be little doubt that Greece will declare war and cause an insurrection in Thessaly and Epirus as soon as the Russians have definitively accomplished the conquest of Bulgaria. The Montenegrins, during the absence of any Turkish army in the field, are pressing the siege of Nicksics, which must ultimately surrender unless it is relieved. The insurgents in Bosnia continue the diversion which they are effecting in favour of the invader, and on the whole it seems improbable that the Turks should prevail over the enemies who assail them on every side. Even if they inflict losses as great as their own, a comparatively scanty population may be perceptibly thinned by casualties which will scarcely impair the strength of Russia. The American Confederates, after a defence unsurpassed in courage and obstinacy, were ultimately forced to yield because their numbers were insufficient. The Mahometan population of European Turkey amounts to less than four millions, and a large portion of the Asiatic force is necessarily employed in the defence of Armenia. It has from the beginning of the war seemed certain that the stronger combatant must prevail; and since the passage of the Danube and the Balkans, the chances preponderate more visibly in favour of Russia. There are still three months in which the season will allow of military operations; and it is possible that before the end of October the Russians, if they have not imposed terms of submission on the Porte, may have reached the outskirts of Constantinople.

In Asia the Russians seem to have resumed the offensive, though they have not yet attained any success which compensates for their late reverses. The facts of the campaign are unsatisfactorily reported, because the Russians have the

good sense to allow only friendly Correspondents to accompany their army; while the Turks, with characteristic carelessness, extend their hospitality to bitter enemies of their cause, who, perhaps unconsciously, act the part of spies by communicating through English newspapers all the weak points of the defence to the Russian staff. It is not known whether the Grand Duke MICHAEL has received any considerable reinforcements, nor are there any tidings of the progress or discontinuance of the insurrection in the Caucasus. The climate of Armenia is so inclement that the short summer will soon be over; and in the meantime it is probable that neither combatant will undertake any great operation, though Dr. SANDWITH hopes that the Russians will still have time to reach Erzeroum. The fall of Asiatic Turkey may probably be determined in Roumelia; and the SULTAN may be compelled to surrender Kars and Batoum, although both places have been successfully defended. If the campaign should be prolonged, the Turkish Government may perhaps be able in the early autumn to withdraw a part of the army of Asia for the defence of the capital; but probably the fate of the war will have been decided before the Armenian highlands become impracticable for military movements.

The determination of the Austro-Hungarian Government to place a part of the army on a war footing must not be understood to indicate a purpose of immediate intervention. The alliance of the three EMPERORS is still unbroken; and the rapidity of the Russian advance during the month of July must have been foreseen as a possible contingency. If Austria thinks it worth while to repress any hostile movement of Servia against Turkey, or to place a check on the ambition of Montenegro, a diplomatic warning would be sufficient for the purpose, without the need of military preparations. The reasons for neutrality which were lately given by Mr. TISZA in his speech to the Hungarian Parliament have lost none of their force, though the popular agitation against Russia seems to have become more active. The object of the Government in arming is probably to remind Russia that the disposal of the conquered territory cannot be arranged by the victor without the consent of Europe. The measures which have been taken for organizing civil government in Bulgaria after the model of Poland are probably regarded with dissatisfaction and distrust at Vienna and Pesth. The previous subjection of Roumania cannot have been observed with complacency by the Government which has always protected with vigilant care the freedom of the Danube. Any political or military movement on the part of Austria derives additional significance from the probability that the approval or neutrality of Germany has been previously secured. Injudicious politicians at Moscow have lately thought fit to present testimonials of gratitude to the German EMPEROR and his Minister. There is no doubt that Prince BISMARCK has, for reasons which are not yet fully understood, facilitated the invasion of Turkey by placing a pressure upon Austria; but it is not to be confidently inferred that he is disposed to tolerate or promote the definitive acquisition by Russia of either Roumania or Bulgaria. The practical conclusion which the Russians will probably deduce from the proceedings of Austria is that it will be expedient to push the campaign to a successful issue before external complications arise. A victorious termination of the war would give Russia a great advantage in subsequent negotiations. The nominal annexation of Bulgaria to the Empire will scarcely be attempted at present. Autonomy, which has become the recognized phrase for abject dependence on Russian protection, will not be more acceptable to Austria after the experience which has been acquired in dealing with Servia and Roumania. Both Principalities were many years ago emancipated, except in name, from Turkish sovereignty; and both have proved willing at the command of Russia to join in a war which on their part is absolutely unprovoked. It cannot be doubted that Bulgaria under an autonomy organized by Russian influence will be equally manageable. Twenty years ago the Austrian Government agreed with Lord PALMERSTON in discountenancing the union of Moldavia and Wallachia, which was effected by the Emperor NAPOLEON, with the cordial approval of Mr. GLADSTONE, for the benefit of Russia. It will be difficult to prevent a repetition of the process in Bulgaria, especially if the Mahometan population is previously expelled from the province.

It is not known whether the similar policy of England and Austria is the result of diplomatic concert or of identical interests. Both Governments intend to maintain

neutrality during the war; and neither is unwilling to let Russia understand that neutral Powers will have something to say when the time comes for distributing the spoils of war. The answers of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER to questions in the House of Commons communicate only the negative information that there is no purpose of immediate action. Several weeks ago Mr. GLADSTONE gave hasty credence to a rumour that the Government would ask for a vote of 5,000,000*l.* on credit. Soon afterwards the imaginary sum was reduced by more than half; and now Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE thinks it probable that no extraordinary vote will be required. The leaders of the Opposition, on patriotic grounds, abstain from pressing for the disclosure of intentions which cannot be stated in Parliament without the necessity of taking all Europe into the confidence of the Government. At present it is only known that the occupation of Constantinople or Gallipoli would be expensive; and that the House of Commons is not asked to provide money for any operation of the kind.

MR. WARD HUNT.

THE premature death of Mr. WARD HUNT has been generally regretted. He was justly esteemed by his friends, and in the course of his creditable career he had provoked neither envy nor dislike. He represented a type of character which is always regarded with favour in the House of Commons. His short experience at the Bar qualified him for the judicial duties of a Chairman of Quarter Sessions, and he was efficient in the management of county affairs. He entered the House of Commons with a merited reputation as a man of business, and he was personally popular in his own neighbourhood and in general society. Lord GRANVILLE lately referred in a genial speech to Mr. WARD HUNT as a good rider to hounds, in spite of the disadvantage of a heavy weight. A country gentleman of industrious habits and of more than average natural ability may fairly aspire to a political career. Mr. WARD HUNT was already known as a useful member of Committees when, five or six years after his entrance into Parliament, he took advantage of the opportunity which is said to occur to every man once in his life. Lord RUSSELL's Government, which was little trusted or liked by county members or their constituents, found it necessary to bring in a Bill for the prevention and check of the cattle-plague. When the discussion began, other sections of the House of Commons were astonished by the energy and influence of the landowners in dealing with a question on which, being themselves thoroughly in earnest, they could rely on the unanimous support of the farmers. Mr. WARD HUNT, who had introduced a cattle-plague Bill of his own, assumed the conduct of an opposition which was directed not against the provisions of the Ministerial measure so much as against its alleged insufficiency. Notwithstanding the protests of Mr. MILL, who then first acquired a definite Parliamentary position, Mr. WARD HUNT succeeded in providing additional securities against contagion; and it has not since been found that the law which is still in force includes excessive or superfluous precautions. At the end of the contest his ability had received general recognition, and when a Conservative Ministry took office in the following year no surprise was felt at the selection of Mr. WARD HUNT for the considerable office of Financial Secretary of the Treasury. In common with many of his colleagues, he was deficient in official experience; but one of the best-established principles of the English Constitution is that Parliamentary success is regarded as a pledge of administrative ability. Notwithstanding the objections of theorists and of members of the Civil Service who engage in literary controversy, the practice which is indispensable to the supremacy of Parliament brings, with few exceptions, the ablest men into office.

Mr. DISRAELI, who in 1866 resumed his former place of Chancellor of the Exchequer, had not illustrated the general rule by acquiring a mastery of finance. The business of the department consequently devolved in great measure on the Secretary of the Treasury, who was sufficiently occupied in becoming familiar with details. Both the Minister and his subordinate, who, on the retirement of Lord DERBY, became in title as well as in reality Chancellor of the Exchequer, were under the disadvantage of succeeding the most brilliant and most successful financier of recent times. They consequently guarded themselves against the dangerous criticism of Mr. GLADSTONE by following with scrupulous

fidelity all the precedents, good and bad, which he had established during his long tenure of office. When they required an increase of revenue they raised the rate of Income-tax; and the loans for the Abyssinian war gave them an opportunity of flattering their predecessor by adopting his theory of borrowing on Permanent Annuities. By scrupulous abstinence from originality Mr. DISRAELI and Mr. WARD HUNT succeeded in evading the censure of their hostile model and patron. The Chancellor of the Exchequer on retiring from office had not compromised his reputation as a man of business and of detail, and he had established a claim to a seat in any future Conservative Cabinet. It cannot be said that in emerging from the ranks of private members he had grown into a statesman; but Mr. DISRAELI, who is reputed to be a competent judge, always valued him as a useful supporter and ally. In Mr. GLADSTONE's next Government two able civilians in succession exerted themselves to study and to direct the administration of the navy. Mr. CHILDERS was interrupted in his career by the failure of his health; and Mr. GOSCHEN, who succeeded him, had scarcely had the opportunity of displaying his powers when Mr. GLADSTONE suddenly committed, on behalf of himself and his astonished colleagues, an act of involuntary political suicide. In forming his new Cabinet Mr. DISRAELI wisely placed at the Exchequer the only member of his party who possessed a special knowledge of finance, which he had first acquired as a pupil of Mr. GLADSTONE. The five Secretaryships of State were provided with occupants of unusual ability and distinction; and, among the great offices of State, only the Admiralty remained for Mr. WARD HUNT. It was admitted that he knew as little of the navy as Mr. GOSCHEN had known two years ago; but it was hoped that he would be equally assiduous and acute in learning his business.

The expectations which were founded on Mr. WARD HUNT's conscientious industry have not been disappointed; and it is doubtful whether he has been justly blamed for the disasters which have occurred in the navy during his tenure of office, though his manner of dealing with them was open to criticism. It is certain that, as the Parliamentary representative of the department, he committed on more than one occasion errors which indicated a want of tact and judgment. In moving for the first time the Naval Estimates, he startled the House of Commons and his own colleagues by the paradoxical statement that he had inherited from his predecessor only a phantom fleet. In truth, he was deeply impressed by professional representations of the condition of the navy, and he had not made sufficient allowance for the gloomy and chronic pessimism of naval officers and experts. When he added that he was resolved to convert the maritime shadow into substance, it was not known whether he had obtained the consent of the Cabinet or the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER to an alarming outlay. It soon appeared that Mr. DISRAELI and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE had no intention of compromising the novel popularity of their party by a large increase of expenditure on the navy or on any other branch of the public service. The fleet, such as it is, has been the constant object of solicitude to the FIRST LORD of the Admiralty; but in the course of three years no heroic remedies have been applied to the hopeless condition in which the navy was supposed to have been left by Mr. GOSCHEN. The discreditable loss of the *Vanguard*, the collision of the Royal yacht with the *Mistletoe*, and the explosion on board the *Thunderer*, followed in rapid succession, with the natural result of raising doubts as to the efficiency of the administration of the navy. The distribution by the Admiralty of punishment and impunity among those who were thought to be responsible for the miscarriage of the *Vanguard* caused much adverse criticism. The FIRST LORD once more exhibited a want of judgment in appreciating the temper of Parliament and the country by speaking of the loss of the *Vanguard* with unseasonable levity. For the accidents which occurred during his administration it was plain that he could not be directly responsible. Notwithstanding the complaints which were directed against the Admiralty, Mr. WARD HUNT was maintained in office by the PRIME MINISTER, and he continued to enjoy the good will of the House of Commons. During the present Session he delivered one of his best speeches on Mr. SEELEY's proposal for the appointment of a Secretary of State for the Navy, and of the transfer of the control of the Dockyards from naval officers to civilians. Not long afterwards he

was compelled by illness to discontinue his attendance in Parliament; but to the moment of his unexpected death he was anxious to discharge to the utmost the duties of his office.

The necessity of filling the second vacancy which has occurred since the formation of the Cabinet must have painfully reminded Lord BEACONSFIELD of a deficiency of rising statesmen which is not confined to the Conservative party. The Government is strong in the ability of members who have earned a great reputation. The PRIME MINISTER, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, and the SECRETARIES of STATE compare not disadvantageously with an equal number of Ministers in any former Cabinet, though no living politician approaches Mr. GLADSTONE in the combination of eloquence with knowledge of administrative business. Mr. CROSS, who is comparatively new to office, has already earned a reputation which places him on a level with the colleagues who had served in former Cabinets. Several subordinate members of the Government fill their offices creditably; but scarcely one of them is likely at any future time to attain the highest political rank. The youngest among them—Lord GEORGE HAMILTON and Mr. STANHOPE—are perhaps the most promising candidates for future distinction. Sir MICHAEL HICKS BEACH and Mr. W. H. SMITH, Lord SANDON, Mr. BOURKE, and Mr. LOWTHER have performed their duties with advantage to the country and with credit to the Government; but none of them have yet established a commanding position in the House of Commons. The borough members who write piteous letters to the *Times* to complain of their exclusion from office may perhaps be once more disappointed by the changes and promotion which are rendered necessary by the vacancy at the Admiralty. Any of them who unworthily deserted their party when a frivolous vote of censure was passed against the PRIME MINISTER will not find that a display of selfish jealousy has improved their chances of office.

MR. GLADSTONE ON EGYPT.

AS Mr. GLADSTONE writes on everything, it is natural that he should write on Egypt; and, in the article he has contributed to the *Nineteenth Century*, he writes on Egypt after his own manner. As usual, his manner is discursive; but impartial readers will be inclined to allow that it becomes more and more vigorous. He declaims less and argues more than he used to do; and, if the nation is to be instructed and guided, not, as formerly, by its Parliament, but by magazine articles, this is unquestionably a gain. Egypt gives occasion to Mr. GLADSTONE to take up briefly and to treat in a striking manner all kinds of subsidiary subjects—the duties of England to India, the sparseness of the English population, the claims of Crete on the sympathy of mankind, the unadvisableness of territorial extension, the chief reforms which a Liberal leader ought to effect at home, and the proper interpretation of his famous Bulgarian pamphlet. Each of these topics might have sufficed for a whole article, and it is impossible to do justice to what Mr. GLADSTONE says about any of them without a long discussion. Now and then we feel as we read that what is written has very little to do with Egypt, but then the very attraction of magazine articles to a writer like Mr. GLADSTONE is that he can say in them what he pleases about anything that comes into his mind. It is true that hints dropped in passing are often stimulating rather than satisfying. When, for example, Mr. GLADSTONE tells us parenthetically that our currency and parts of our system of taxation are altogether discreditable to us, we should be very glad if we could discover any clue to his real meaning. Perhaps future magazine articles will disclose secrets which the ex-Premier does not think Parliament fit to hear. Nor do Mr. GLADSTONE's excursions seem always very pertinent. That the ultimate question for England will be whether the population of India can be made to believe that its interest lies in having us as its governors may be very true; but as this belief must be based on the assurance that we are competent to protect India against all outsiders, we are always brought back to the question whether the possession of Egypt is an essential condition of our power to protect it.

The readers of the *Nineteenth Century* have the advantage of finding in the same number an article from Mr. DICEY arguing for, as well as this article from Mr. GLAD-

STONE arguing against, an occupation of Egypt; and Mr. GLADSTONE enjoyed an opportunity of reading before it was published what Mr. DICEY had written, so that the reasoning of one contributor and its confutation by another appear within an interval of a few pages. When an occupation of Egypt is discussed, there are three main questions really at issue—What would be the advantages of an occupation? Could we obtain these advantages easily? and Should we do right to obtain them? The first question is one very difficult to answer, for the circumstances in which these advantages are to operate are always future and imaginary, and, as we have put before us one or another hypothesis, we may very well think that we should lose or gain by possessing Egypt. In a war with Russia we should probably gain, for we could throw reinforcements into India with greater rapidity. In a war with France we should probably lose, for we should have to defend, not India, but a Mediterranean possession which the French could very easily attack. This is so obvious that Mr. DICEY says he has been assured that some provident Frenchmen look favourably on our occupation of Egypt, apparently because we should then have given a hostage to France not to side with Germany if a new struggle broke out between these ardent enemies. That Frenchmen should think our possession of Egypt a gain to them in case of a new German war is rather a warning than an encouragement to us. But every one must allow that there would be some advantages to us in possessing Egypt, even if there were also some disadvantages, and therefore we may pass to the second question, whether we could obtain these advantages easily. Here, we think, Mr. GLADSTONE has much the best of the argument. Mr. DICEY thinks the occupation of Egypt a very small affair. All we shall want is an ironclad at Port Said, a few forts on the Syrian side of the Isthmus, and a small garrison at Alexandria. We need change nothing in the administration of the country, except that we should oblige the KHEDEVE to have an Administration of our own choosing, and should forbid Egypt to have any diplomatic dealings with foreign Powers. This would suffice, and our interference would be limited to seeing that there was no oppression. It is very pleasant to talk of seeing that no oppression exists; but how is this to be done? There is only one possible way of stopping oppression, and that is by chastising the oppressors. To do this we must have the whole police of the country in our hands, and police are useless unless they are supported by an adequate military force. And, as Mr. GLADSTONE very truly points out, Egypt proper is only part of Egypt. The population of the dependent or tributary States is double that of the real Egyptian population. All these rude creatures must be kept in order; and if we take the head of Egypt we must take the tail too, and that means practically governing for nearly two thousand miles from the Mediterranean. M. DE LAVELEYE saw this clearly enough when, in his generous way, he offered us the whole of Africa, if we liked to take it. To govern Africa generally might be a splendid or a humane thing, but it would not be an easy or a cheap thing; and if this is what the occupation of Egypt is to lead to, it cannot be regarded as a small affair, or as an object to be achieved by the despatch of a corporal's guard to the scene of action.

Mr. GLADSTONE is very strong, and, as we think, very properly strong, against our moral right to seize on Egypt. And he partly relies on an argument, which is not without force, but which will be new to most of the readers of his Bulgarian pamphlets and speeches. He thinks it established that the Turks are not fit to govern Christians; but he argues that this does not at all show that they are not fit to govern Mahomedans. The followers of Islam have a system of government which presumably suits them; and we ought not to impose on them an alien Government by force. This, however, if true, does not much affect Mr. DICEY's main argument; for he assumes that the rule of the Turk is at an end, and that the only question is who is to have the fragments of his dominion. Unless his readers will agree with him that there is going to be a general scramble for the seizable portions of the dismembered Turkish Empire, he has nothing to say to them; and it is because he is sure of this that he advises us to choose Egypt for our share. The Mahomedans of Egypt might prefer a Mahomedan Government; but they cannot have it if Turkey breaks up, because then we shall want their country. Mr. GLADSTONE replies that he neither believes

in a general scramble for the fragments of the Turkish Empire nor desires it. He owns that he is not sure about Russia keeping to her good intentions if success should tempt her to abandon them; but he insists that Europe is strong enough to force her to be better than she might wish to be. But, if anything could bring on a general scramble, it would be that England should beforehand announce her intention of seizing on Egypt. This objection seems to have struck Mr. DICEY by anticipation, and he somewhat shifts his position by proposing that we should not seize on Egypt, but buy it. He has made a close calculation, and he reckons that for six millions sterling down in cash the Porte would sell Egypt, or such rights as it may have over Egypt, to England. He would like us to take time by the forelock, and, while the war is still going on and its issue undecided, to provide the Porte with this very desirable contribution to its exhausted resources. Russia, he allows, might complain, but we should merely have to allege that British interests made the proceeding necessary, and there would be an end of the matter. But it is evident that, if there is not to be a general scramble, we shall have got hold of something which we are only justified in acquiring because there is a general scramble. If there is to be a general scramble, we should have paid our money for nothing, for in that case we should, as Mr. DICEY holds, be quite right in seizing on Egypt. The result of the controversy is, in short, that we must make up our minds whether we want a partition of the Turkish Empire among the Great Powers or not; and if we do not wish it, we must turn a deaf ear to those who invite us to take the lead in bringing this partition about.

MARSHAL MACMAHON AND THE BONAPARTISTS.

THE Sixteenth of May, if it does nothing else, will make a fresh contribution to political slang. Marshal MACMAHON's *jusqu'au bout* promises to become as famous as the "bitter end" of the Northern Americans. His speech at Bourges might have been appropriately made to SINDBAD by the Old Man of the Sea. You have let me climb on your back, the MARSHAL says to the French nation, and I do not intend to get down. This repetition of a declaration already made more than once would scarcely call for notice if it were not that the authors of the speech seem to have meant it as an olive branch to the moderate Republicans. The provincial Conservative press has been instructed to say that the constitutional Republicans to whom it had been represented that the MARSHAL was hostile to existing institutions have been undeceived by his declaration that he intends to march at the head of men of order of all parties. They see now that there is no essential difference between the PRESIDENT and Republicans like M. DUBAURE, and the result of this enlightenment may be to detach more than one vote from the Left. It argues a curious misapprehension of the position of the moderate Republicans to suppose that they can be won over to the MARSHAL by a speech which declares unmistakably that, whatever may be the result of the elections, he intends to finish his task with the assistance of his present Ministers. If M. DUBAURE had held this to be a proper attitude for the Executive to assume towards the Chamber of Deputies, he might have been Minister to this day. He resigned because he recognized that, under a Parliamentary Government there are only two alternatives for a Minister to choose between. He may shape his policy so as to command a majority in the Chamber, or he may appeal to the country to return a majority which will support his policy. The MARSHAL's appeal to the country resembles this in form, but in effect it is rendered worthless by the accompanying declaration that the judgment of the electors will not be regarded if it does not affirm the conclusion at which the MARSHAL has already arrived. Under the most despotic Governments the people have been permitted to express their approbation of the acts of the Executive, and this is the solitary function which Marshal MACMAHON appears to allow to the French nation. If he has made up his mind not to be governed in the least degree by the opinion of the electors, it would have been more courteous not to ask for it. However anxious the more Conservative members of the Left Centre may be to put the most favourable interpretation on his invitation to men of order of all parties to give him their aid, they cannot disregard his assurance that the refusal of their aid will make no difference in his intentions. To support Marshal MACMAHON is

to oppose Parliamentary government, because it is to support a man who has proclaimed that he means to govern by Parliamentary forms so long, and so long only, as he finds that he can get his own way by the use of them.

On the whole, however, it still seems probable that these expressions of determination to stay where he is cover nothing more desperate than an electioneering manoeuvre. It would have been pleasanter for the MARSHAL to be able to threaten the electors with the loss of his benign presence; but as the electors have shown no signs of alarm at this prospect, he has no choice but to threaten them with the continuance of it. It is not safe for him to say, If you do not vote for my candidates I shall resign my office; so he is reduced to say, If you do not vote for my candidates, you will have me as President all the same; but you will have me in a very bad humour. Supposing that the electors are proof against this threat, it is difficult to believe that the MARSHAL will really carry it into execution. Notwithstanding all that has happened, we are still of opinion that the MARSHAL is honestly labouring after what he mistakenly believes to be the good of his country, that he has no private or dynastic ambition to serve, and that, if he makes a *coup d'état*, it will be strictly an impersonal *coup d'état*. But a *coup d'état*, if it is to be successful, requires to be worked with some degree of enthusiasm, and it is difficult to evoke enthusiasm when there is neither a monarch to restore nor a Republic to found. If the MARSHAL is to be judged by his words upon one point, he must be judged by them upon all. If he is in earnest when he says that he means to stay where he is until 1880, he must be equally in earnest when he says that in 1880 his office will be at the disposal of the nation. But who will care to help the MARSHAL in a *coup d'état* which is only to last for three years? Those who aid and abet him in setting Parliament at defiance will have to reckon with Parliament when the epoch of defiance is at an end. There are parties, no doubt, who will be willing to work a *coup d'état* for their own purposes and in their own interests; but it is only just to Marshal MACMAHON to say that, beyond a certain point, it is not easy to make a tool of him. Whether the motive be honesty or vanity, he is not willing to serve as a mere warming-pan for an ascertained pretender.

It would be difficult for him to play this part at present, even if he were willing. Nobody, except a few self-deceiving Legitimists, supposes that a BOURBON restoration has any chance of success as compared with a Bonapartist restoration. As M. RAOUL DUVAL has very well said, France is determined to have equality under any circumstances, and at any cost. What she is not yet certain about is, whether she prefers the Republic, which represents the alliance of equality with liberty, or the Empire, which represents the alliance of equality with authority. The restoration of HENRY V. would give authority without equality, and this circumstance alone makes it an impossible solution, at all events until such time as the Empire has again been tried and found wanting. For the present, therefore, what is called the Conservative cause is really the Bonapartist cause, and Conservative victories are really Bonapartist victories. But just when the prospects of Bonapartism were at their brightest, they have been obscured by the sudden revelation of a schism in the Bonapartist Church. The chiefs of the party are disagreed among themselves, and disagreed not merely upon a point of ultimate principle, which might be postponed or compromised, but upon a point of immediate practice. Shall the Bonapartists follow M. ROUHER and break away from the Government because the Government will not give their claims due consideration; or shall they follow M. DE CASSAGNAC and accept whatever crumbs the Government choose to throw to them, in the conviction that they will get the whole loaf in time? M. DE CASSAGNAC argues that, if the MARSHAL is victorious at the elections, it makes little difference what his supporters call themselves. The Empire will get the solid fruit, and it can afford to let its rivals dispute who has the shell. M. ROUHER replies that M. DE CASSAGNAC knows nothing of the difficulties with which the Bonapartist candidates have to contend, or of the frequent appeals that have to be made on their behalf in order to prevent the Government from setting aside its own rules in order to do them harm. M. ROUHER has not sufficient patience to bear this. He cannot do otherwise than quarrel with an Administration which shows itself so ready to quarrel with him. M. DE

CASSAGNAC, on the contrary, is determined to put the whole Sermon on the Mount into practice as regards the Government. He reserves his violence for the Radicals, the Legitimists, and those of his own party who have presumed to part company from him. To which of these conflicting counsels the party will most incline there is as yet no means of forecasting. M. ROUHER's policy is undoubtedly the more tempting. The Bonapartists feel that they have been neglected by the Government at a moment when it is in their power to deal the Government a more than commonly dangerous blow, and they would naturally like to show that they are not to be trifled with. But to fight for their own hand, as M. ROUHER advises, will involve them in a more or less open quarrel with the Administration at a time when there is no immediate possibility of setting up any other in its place. What advantage will it be to them if, as a result of following M. ROUHER's advice, a Republican majority is returned? What is most for the benefit of the Bonapartist managers is to be able to preach that the electors have no faith in the Republic, nor in the MARSHAL in so far as he represents the Republic. If the new Chamber is anti-Republican, they will be able to say this with very good reason. But if, through the Bonapartists holding aloof, the MARSHAL is beaten, all the glosses they may put upon the result will not disguise the hard fact that a Republican majority has been returned. The prudence or imprudence of the schism is of less importance, however, than the fact that it exists. The three parties to whom the MARSHAL looks for support have now become four. The Legitimists and the Irreconcilable Bonapartists have altogether broken away from him, and it is only from the Orleanists and the Opportunist Bonapartists that he can count with any certainty upon getting votes.

AMERICA.

ALTHOUGH the railway riots in the United States have satisfied the American condition of unequalled magnitude, the vigour and success with which the disturbances have been suppressed furnish reasonable ground for patriotic complacency. Neither the State nor the Federal authorities appear to have anywhere tampered with the insurrection. The impudent proposal of the mutineers that the mails should be forwarded as usual by the railways was summarily rejected by the Postal department as well as by the Directors of the various Companies. The men who have returned to their duty accept the reduction of wages which served as a pretext for the strike; and the rapid recovery of popular judgment was illustrated by the declaration of the men employed on one of the lines that, if they fought at all, they would take the part of their Company. On some of the lines the Companies find themselves strong enough to refuse employment to those who have joined in the strike; and it appears that there is no difficulty in supplying the places of the mutineers. The most unsatisfactory symptom of disaffection was the indisposition of some of the State troops to do their duty in the first instance. Of the loyalty of the regular army no doubt could be entertained. It may be conjectured that subversive social theories had penetrated into the ranks of the Militia in Maryland and West Virginia. Declamations against the tyranny of capital and against railway monopoly may have produced some confusion of mind, until plunder and arson made clear to the dullest understanding the practical results of revolutionary doctrine. Engine-drivers, stokers, and guards belonging to a respectable class will probably disclaim any complicity with the crimes which were committed at Baltimore, Pittsburg, St. Louis, and Chicago. The wanton destruction of rolling-stock at Pittsburg was perhaps perpetrated by a promiscuous rabble; but the original rioters must bear a large share of the responsibility. Strong evidence would be required to render credible the statement that the offenders were for the most part refugees from the Continent of Europe. Needy Poles and Bohemians may perhaps, under the pressure of poverty and discontent, become accomplices of disorder; but they are not likely to organize conspiracies against the community among which they are scattered. German and Irish immigrants are more numerous, and in many places they constitute the bulk of the labouring population. It could hardly have been supposed that Pittsburg was infested by a rabble as dangerous as that of Paris or Lyons. Fortunately, American

citizens have no scruple in using force against the enemies of society. In the United States thought and speech are free to conceive and utter criminal nonsense; but insurrections against property and law are met with rifle-shots and not with arguments.

If the disturbances had not been resolutely encountered, there can be no doubt that they would have extended to other branches of industry in which real or supposed grievances exist. In some places the miners, always a turbulent race, were disposed to organize riots of their own; and in California popular violence was as usual directed against the Chinese. The first attack was, perhaps, made upon Railway Companies in the hope that proprietors and debenture-holders would be excluded from general sympathy. Some Boards of Directors have been discredited by irregular financial dealings; and in the Western States the Companies have been exposed without redress to legislative spoliation. In the language of an English journal which habitually hankers after socialism, American opinion was expected to hesitate between drivers striking for wages and privileged Companies. The Grangers of Illinois have no hesitation in cheating capitalists who have provided them with railways; but they have no good-will to rioters who refuse to allow goods trains to run. Toleration for anarchy is not an American vice. The PRESIDENT was confident of the approval of his countrymen when he appointed General HANCOCK to command the disposable army, with orders to suppress insurrection without waiting for requisitions from the State Governments. If the resistance had been more obstinate, volunteer regiments would have been summoned without delay to prevent riots from expanding to the dimensions of civil war. It may be hoped that, if similar disorders should at any time occur in England, the action of the Government will be equally decided; but a Home Secretary who might have occasion to employ military force would perhaps be less certain of the support of his countrymen than an American Governor or President. It is a significant circumstance that some of the detachments lately employed against the rioters were accompanied by artillery. No cannon shot has in modern times been fired in England during any civil disturbance. Some apprehensions were entertained in the city of New York on the occasion of a meeting of the International Society; but in the meantime order had been wholly or partially restored in Pennsylvania and Maryland; and an outbreak of cosmopolitan scoundrelism would have met with little compassion. The Communist orators were as usual allowed to declaim against law and government at their pleasure; but the audience thought it prudent to disperse without resort to fire or bloodshed.

In foreign as in domestic affairs the American Government exhibits firmness and moderation. There is no longer even a fictitious agitation for the annexation of foreign territory in San Domingo, in Cuba, or in Mexico. All reasonable politicians hold that the Union is for the present large enough, and that serious embarrassment would result from the extension of the citizenship to aliens of inferior races. The PRESIDENT has every right to insist on the duty of the Mexican Government to repress the outrages which are committed by freebooters and cattle-stealers on the frontier of Texas; but he has no desire to accomplish his purpose by the easy conquest of the northern provinces of Mexico. It is possible that at a future time American settlers may gradually spread themselves over the thinly-peopled lands beyond the Rio Grande; and, when they have pushed the present occupants farther to the South, annexation to the United States will necessarily follow, inasmuch as an English-speaking population will never obey a Government of Indianized Spaniards. For the present, the Government of the United States will be satisfied with securities for the maintenance of peace and for the protection of property on the border. The latest political revolution in Mexico furnishes an opportunity for obtaining the necessary concessions, as both parties are seeking recognition at Washington. The SECRETARY OF STATE has not yet acknowledged the title of DIAZ, who seems to have established his claim by the argument of force. The most legitimate Mexican Government will be that which can enforce order on the frontier, and which will, in case of need, allow the officers of the United States to enter Mexican territory in pursuit of predatory bands. The questionable precedent of a generation ago is not likely to be followed in the present day. American settlers in Texas, with the connivance of the

Democratic Government at Washington, first established an independent Republic by rebellion against the Mexican Government, and then, in pursuance of a pre-arranged design, sought and obtained admission into the Union. The resentment naturally felt by Mexico was punished by the additional loss of the provinces which are now constituted as States and Territories in the Pacific slope. At that time the policy of the United States was influenced less by the appetite of territorial aggrandisement than by the desire of finding room for the southward extension of slavery. It is well that no such motive can any longer affect either party. If slavery had not been abolished, the American Government would long since have recognized the insurgents in Cuba. The sympathy with rebellion which a section of the Republican party professed during General GRANT's first term of office has gradually died out, because it was founded on no political or economical interest.

Some time must elapse before it is known whether the present Administration will be supported by either branch of Congress. The faction which has hitherto managed the Republican organization, or, as it is admirably and appropriately termed, "the machine," loudly proclaims uncompromising hostility to a President who has both recognized the constitutional rights of the Southern States and attempted to reform the gravest official abuses. The BLAINES, the BUTLERS, and the CAMERONS cannot regard with equanimity the announcement that the civil servants of the Republic are no longer to pay for their places by pecuniary contributions and by activity in elections. The Democratic President who declared thirty years ago that the spoils belong to the victors established a doctrine which has ever since been cherished both by Democratic and by Republican politicians. It was not until faction and intrigue produced the natural result of widespread pecuniary corruption that the sounder portion of the community began to demand a return to purity and to efficiency of the public service. The PRESIDENT and the SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR are believed to be thoroughly in earnest in their determination to extirpate the vicious system which they found in operation. They have consequently been denounced at Republican Conventions as traitors to their party; and they will have to encounter the opposition of the chief Republican leaders, unless it appears that their policy is approved by the general community. It is not impossible that a third party may be formed of Liberal Republicans and of moderate Democrats; but, notwithstanding the liberality which the PRESIDENT has displayed in dealing with the Southern States, the Democratic party may, perhaps, not have forgiven the irregularity of his election. If no secession or coalition alters the position of rival parties, there can be little doubt that the Democrats will succeed to power at the next presidential election. The corrupt Republicans may, perhaps, be strong enough to embarrass the PRESIDENT, but they have accumulated a formidable amount of deserved unpopularity; and at the next presidential election, their Southern accomplices will have no opportunity of framing fraudulent lists of voters.

THE MADRAS FAMINE.

THE famine in Southern India has made much less noise than the famine in Bengal; but it threatens to become in the end a graver and more historical calamity. The Madras Presidency has till lately been the theatre of an experiment upon how little it is possible for a native to keep body and soul together; there is some danger that it may soon become the theatre of an experiment how grain is to be got into the famine districts when private enterprise is flagging and Government enterprise is not organized; and Lord SALISBURY's speech at Cooper's Hill makes it all but certain that it will next year be the theatre of a more hopeless experiment still—how to convey food to a starving population when there is no railway communication, and when the bullocks, which in ordinary seasons supply the means of carriage, have all been destroyed. Upon the first of these heads it is needless to say much. We have more than once pointed out how much reason there was to question the adequacy of the daily allowance for a long time given to those who depend on the Government for their supply of food. Lord SALISBURY said on Saturday that Sir RICHARD TEMPLE, who certainly did not win a reputation for unnecessary parsimony in his magnificent administration in connexion with the Behar famine, has had the management of the present famine. Two things,

however, forbid us to draw the inference which Lord SALISBURY apparently means us to draw from this fact. The first is that the Government of India administered a caution scarcely distinguishable from a rebuke to Sir RICHARD TEMPLE for his extravagance in Bengal before sending him to the South. The second is that the rate of wages introduced by Sir RICHARD TEMPLE has been abandoned after a prolonged trial by the Madras Government. The circumstances and prospects of India do undoubtedly constitute a very strong ground for economizing the administration of relief; but the question how much food is required to keep a population in such measure of health as will make it worth while to keep them alive, is one that might have been settled by medical experts beforehand. If people are not relieved at all, they seem to die by an external visitation, with which the Government has no concern; but when they die because the relief is insufficient, the Government appears in the light of a power possessing the food which would save them, but doing it out with too parsimonious a hand.

The Madras Government and the Government of India are unfortunately at loggerheads upon the very important question of the relation between private and Government enterprise. According to the *Times* Madras Correspondent, writing on the 22nd of June, the stocks of grain in the presidency were running very low. The districts which had till then supplied Madras with food had been exhausted, and the result had been to raise prices everywhere, and thus to remove the inducement which had hitherto existed to move grain from one part of India to another. In this state of things everything turned upon the reserve of food still in the country. The Madras Government had no means of estimating the amount of this reserve, and they were consequently very gravely anxious as to the possible results of the double discovery that private importation had ceased and that the stock of grain was exhausted. Under these circumstances they had proposed to import grain on their own account; but the Government of India had telegraphed its disapproval of such a policy, on the score of its interference with private trade. It is difficult to form any opinion upon a matter which turns so much upon the existence or non-existence of particular facts. In theory the Government of India are plainly right. The operations of private trade are, in the aggregate, immeasurably vaster than the largest operations that can be carried on by Government; while in India they are so delicate and so easily discouraged by the thought of Government competition that it is of the utmost importance that the authorities should do nothing to create or encourage the idea that they are likely to come forward as rivals of private dealers. But the Madras Government do not appear to deny this position. Their contention simply is that a rule which holds good as regards private trade generally is not applicable to the special circumstances of Madras. The equalization of prices has removed the inducement to dealers in other districts to export grain to the famine districts. The Government of India hold that the increasing scarcity consequent on the cessation of imports will make prices higher, and thus renew the natural motive for importation; but this does not dispose of the particular difficulty alleged by the Madras Government. The powers of the Madras railways are taxed to their utmost to convey the necessary supplies to the up-country districts. Supposing, therefore, that the cessation of imports should result in the daily supply sent forward by rail being withheld for a few days, there would be no possibility of making up for lost time. When the imports began again, the railways could only carry as much as they are carrying now, so that there would be no means of introducing into the up-country districts the supply which would have been withheld from them in the interval. Unless the Government of India know more about the reserve fund of food in Madras than the local Government, or are very firmly convinced that the ultimate mischief of interfering with private trade will more than balance the immediate benefit of keeping up the daily supply to the up-country districts by Government purchases, it is difficult to understand their policy.

When the *Times* Madras Correspondent was writing on the 22nd of June there had been "splendid rain" in Southern India. Just a month later the Calcutta Correspondent of the same paper described the latest news from the famine districts as gloomy in the extreme. Rain had ceased in Madras, and if it did not return in a very few days

a second famine must be expected. By the 29th of July a little more rain had fallen, but it was doubtful whether it had come in time to save the crops, and the INDIAN SECRETARY hardly ventures to hope that the tremendous misfortune of two successive years of famine can now be averted. If it does come, the strain on the Government will be of a kind in comparison with which all the demands previously made on it will be as child's play. There will be no private hoards of food to fall back on, and the high prices of the past year will have so completely exhausted the funds of many among the well-to-do classes that they too will be thrown on the hands of the authorities. The season is not a specially good one in other parts of India; and the amount of grain available for import into Madras may in consequence be very small. Added to this, relief to be of any use must be administered by European officers; and the European officers available for service in Madras have the disadvantage of being unacquainted with the native languages of Southern India. As Lord SALISBURY seems to regard this as an incurable evil, we suppose that it must be accepted as such; but it argues a very serious defect in the system of training Civil servants for Madras if neither here nor in India do they learn to speak a tongue understood of the people. Last of all comes the difficulty about transport. Throughout a large part of the district there are no railways; and as bullocks must drink to live, there are next to no bullocks. Thus, as regards the administration of relief, the authorities will be in the position of men who have to make bricks without straw. Lord SALISBURY's language on this point is of the most desponding kind. He very much doubts whether it will be possible to ward off actual starvation; he has no hope that it will be possible to ward off the diseases which follow in the train of great privation. In the face of so solemn an assurance, it is impossible to be more hopeful than Lord SALISBURY. The INDIAN SECRETARY knows but too well what the requisites for dealing with famine are; and if he pronounces these requisites to be wanting, the prospect is indeed gloomy. All that can be said is that, the more clear becomes the proof that famine is a steadily recurrent source of expenditure, the more urgent it becomes to discover some mode of laying out the money in prevention rather than in cure. If there are any public works which can render the population independent of rain, regard for the remote, if not for the immediate, good of the people points to the propriety of at once putting them in hand.

THE FIRE BRIGADE.

THE Report of the Select Committee on the Metropolitan Fire Brigade is a comprehensive and workmanlike production. That the recommendations with which it concludes do not in all respects carry conviction to the mind of the reader is less the fault of the Committee than one of the characteristic difficulties which belong to the administration of great capitals. A Select Committee of the House of Commons have been investigating the subject of London fires, because, short of Parliament, there is no authority competent to deal with the whole metropolitan district; and the same cause gives an air of incompleteness to some of the Committee's recommendations. But the difficulties in the way of making London a single municipality are traditional, and, in all probability, insuperable. It is better, therefore, to put up with arrangements that are confessedly imperfect than to postpone all improvements short of a revolution which is confessedly unobtainable. No one will dispute the conclusion of the Committee that "the statutory arrangements for the extinction of fires in the Metropolis, whereby the Fire Brigade is administered by the Metropolitan Board of Works, two separate police forces exist side by side, and the water supply is sectionally furnished by eight independent Companies . . . contrast unfavourably with provincial systems, where the Fire Brigade, water supply, and police are under a single authority." But he who has got as far as this has not got very far. Any system in which authority is divided contrasts unfavourably in certain respects with a system in which authority is single. But the London reformers who expect to draw valuable inferences from this fact have first to catch their single authority. At present it cannot be said that the prospects of the chase are at all encouraging.

As regards the Fire Brigade Committee, however, these

aspirations are only occasional. Unity of government in London is the ideal in the contemplation of which they seek relief from the dulness of suggesting methods by which fires may be put out a little sooner than they are at present. The first recommendation of the Committee is that the Fire Brigade should be transferred from the Metropolitan Board to the Commissioner of Police for the metropolis. The balance of advantage seems to be on the side of the proposed change; but it can hardly be expected to yield the whole gain which the Committee expect from it. The force at present available for active service in the extinction of fires is under 200 men, and the Committee are naturally struck with the additional usefulness which might be imparted to this force by its incorporation with "a disciplined force of 10,000 men distributed over the metropolis and constantly patrolling the streets." But the assistance which this disciplined force of 10,000 men can render to the extinction of fires without neglecting their ordinary duty as constables is, after all, small. At present when a police constable notices a fire he first arouses the inmates and neighbours, and then gives or sends notice to the turncocks, the nearest police-station, the nearest Fire Brigade station, and the nearest fire-escape station. When more policemen come to the spot, they do their best to rescue life and property, and to clear a space for the action of the Fire Brigade, "but as soon as the firemen arrive the police fall back on their normal duty of preserving order." Under any circumstances this division of duty will be, or at all events ought to be, retained. The qualifications for a fireman are not identical with the qualifications for a constable, and if the two services were simply made over to the police, either the protection of life and property would be entrusted to men whose principal merits are that they can climb like cats and do with very little sleep, or the extinction of fires would be entrusted to men who combine with great probity and bodily strength a disposition to turn giddy when they are more than ten feet off the ground. Supposing, therefore, that the recommendation of the Committee is carried out, and that the Fire Brigade of the police force constitutes a distinct branch, and is placed under the immediate command of a separate Assistant Commissioner, the ordinary police will all the same fall back on their normal duty of preserving order as soon as the fire police arrive on the ground. Still the amalgamation of the two forces will give opportunity for a very much earlier use of the minor methods of extinguishing fires. There is a stage at which most fires might be put out by any one, and if more fires are taken in hand at this stage by the utilization of the police organization, the number of serious fires will be proportionately lessened.

In dealing with the question of water supply, the Committee may be thought to have stepped beyond their province. It was almost inevitable, however, that they should do so, because one of the improvements on which they lay most stress is the substitution of hydrants for fire-plugs, and this cannot be effected to any purpose unless there is a constant supply of water. As a matter of fact, only two out of the existing Water Companies give constant supply, and the Committee see no reason to expect either that the remaining Companies will introduce this change of their own accord, or that the Metropolitan Board or the Local Government Board will exercise the powers they possess under the Act of 1871 to compel them to introduce it. Before hydrants, wherever placed, will give a jet of the requisite volume, a very large outlay must be incurred, and from this outlay the Water Companies would derive no profit. The only means consequently of ensuring the universal adoption of hydrants would be the consolidation of the water supply in the hands of a public authority, which should be bound to consider, not merely its own pocket, nor even the convenience of its customers, but the requirements for the extinction of fires. It is obvious that this recommendation raises a very much wider question than that with which the Committee is immediately concerned.

The boldness which characterizes this last recommendation is not maintained when the Committee come to consider what measure of protection against danger from fire should be vouchsafed to the frequenters of theatres and music-halls. As regards new buildings there is nothing to complain of. The Committee are of opinion that no new theatre or large music-hall should be finally licensed until the Metropolitan Board have certified that, in respect

of position and structure, it satisfies all due requirements for protection against this particular danger. But with respect to existing theatres and halls they only propose that the Board should have power to call on the proprietor to remedy such structural defects as can be remedied by a moderate expenditure. We cannot agree that the protection of life against fire is so unimportant an object that only a moderate expenditure ought to be incurred in pursuit of it. If a theatre is capable of being made safe against fire, it ought to be made safe. If it is not capable of being made safe against fire, it ought to be closed altogether. If the proprietor is innocent of any carelessness in the matter, the case may be one for compensation, but it cannot under any possible circumstances be a case for leaving the theatre open. The very fact that the cost of remedying the structural defects which are a cause of special danger is large is evidence that the danger in question is very great. Even if the public were warned against going to this or that theatre, on the ground that it cannot be made secure, the warning would very soon be forgotten; and it is preposterous to contend that, rather than close a theatre or compensate a proprietor, the Metropolitan Board ought to run the risk of a wholesale sacrifice of human life. This excessive tenderness for vested interests ought, at all events, to be qualified by the proviso that the proprietors shall accept a money compensation, and not insist upon their pound of flesh. In proportion as more precautions are taken against fire in new theatres, the confidence of the public in the safety of theatres generally will increase; so that at length the very improvements insisted on by the Metropolitan Board will become a sort of trap to entice unwary pleasure-seekers into theatres in which every precaution is systematically neglected on the ground that they cannot be attended to at a moderate expenditure.

GENERAL IMPRESSIONS.

THE words and phrases which become prominent through their frequent repetition at different times throw light on the passing customs of these periods. By going carefully through a file of newspapers for the last twenty or thirty years, and selecting the particular terms which have successively come into frequent use, we might learn not a little respecting the changes of social habits and modes of thought which have marked this interval. Among the phrases which happen just now to be prominent elements of our current talk, "general impression" seems to occupy a place. When we ask our chance companion at a dinner-party for his or her opinion respecting some new book, the common answer is "I have a favourable impression of it on the whole." A person appears to be able to make out his claim to knowledge respecting a work of science or of art, a country or a public character, by showing that he has a general impression of the object. More than this, if you press a person touching the details of the object or class of objects of which he professes to be generally cognizant, you will probably be regarded as rudely and disagreeably inquisitive. There seems to be a tacit understanding abroad in polite society that the amount of knowledge which can be counted on as a common possession, and as a basis for interesting conversation, is limited to general impressions. If we turn to the lighter literature of the day which specially aims at instructing society, we find an apparent recognition of the supreme value of general impressions. The newspaper correspondent hurries over the details of the scene or event he is describing in order to define the general impression it has left on his mind. The art-critic, again, aims not so much at giving a distinct and complete idea of the several parts and relations of the work he is judging; as at characterizing one or two of its predominant qualities. So, too, the reviewer of a scientific book is apt to care but little about conveying an adequate conception of the several lines of argument of which it consists, and to concentrate his energies on the task of picking out and defining its general tendencies. In this way supply appears to adjust itself to demand; the need of a number of general impressions in the minds which are to be instructed calls forth a corresponding direction of effort on the part of the instructors.

If we carefully inquire into the worth of these general impressions as elements of knowledge, we are not likely to arrive at a very favourable judgment. It is evident on the slightest reflection that they are in their nature incomplete and fragmentary. Suppose the thing to be known is some scientific doctrine—for example, Mr. Darwin's theory of natural selection. This idea is a complex one, involving distinct principles. Further, it reposes on a certain basis of fact and observation. No clear idea of the theory is possible unless the several principles are distinguished, and the appropriate facts to some extent apprehended. Yet most persons' general impression of the theory consists in a vague idea of some one aspect of it, as the struggle for existence, or man's alleged genealogical relation to certain apes. It is much the same in the case of a work of art. What constitutes the dis-

tinguishing style of a painter is something which enters as a fine pervading spirit into all details of his work, and which cannot be seized and appreciated apart from these details. The inartistic mind picks up the phrases which express the general or dominant character of the painter, glibly talks about his subtle feeling for colour, his force in dramatic representation, and so on, and thinks he has an adequate conception of the particular artist's style. We do not need to appeal to the teachings of a particular philosophical school in order to show that all such general impressions are essentially vague and fragmentary. Whether or not, as the nominalist teaches, general ideas only exist so far as they include particulars, all thinkers practically admit that the former can only be rendered distinct and definite by constant reference to the latter. Thus, to understand distinctly what is meant by a painter's mode of harmonizing colours, it is necessary to keep in mind some concrete examples of his manner of combination. One may easily verify these observations by talking with persons about the scenery of a country which they have just visited. They describe it in general terms as gloomy, monotonous, or quiet and picturesque; but when pressed to say wherein these qualities consist, they fail to satisfy us, and show conclusively that the terms they have employed answer to no definite ideas in their minds.

Not only are such general impressions, when disembodied from the concrete details which constitute their supporting organism, essentially unsubstantial and shadowy, but they are also liable to be erroneous. This arises from the circumstance that such resulting opinions are in many cases reached by an elementary process of inference. It is quite easy, for example, to misinterpret the general drift of a scientific book; and, if none of the facts on which the argument is based are retained, such a misapprehension leads to a permanent and not easily corrigible error. Even when there is no misconception in the first instance, a general impression, unless fixed and rooted in a mass of distinctly apprehended particulars, is apt to become erroneous through the very failures of memory and the transforming influence of the imagination. We find, for example, that our abiding conception of some book read a long time ago has grown, not only faint, but, so far as it is definite at all, illusory. More particularly these impressions which rest on some emotional effect are liable to become greatly transformed from their original shape. For example, we may have lived awhile abroad with some foreign people. When we returned to England we brought back a fairly definite idea of their leading qualities, and were conscious of cherishing a reasonable sentiment towards them. But when we inspect our present recollection we find it hopelessly confused. All that we are conscious of, perhaps, is a lingering admiration of certain undefinable excellences. The meaning of this is that some part of the impression originally made has, by reason of its interesting or emotional character, outlived the rest. This part, however, has not remained unaltered; the feeling has become detached from the definite ideas which at first justified it, and in consequence has been transformed or idealized into something quite incommensurate in degree with the original. Of this we could at once convince ourselves by revisiting the country and approximately renewing the whole impression originally made. Owing to such processes of decay and transformation among our ideas, our general impressions are liable to swerve very widely from the path of accurate judgment. When we reflect how much of our general impressions is made up of likings and dislikings, and how easy it is for these emotions to live on in the absence of the ideas on which they properly depend, we see how great may be the error and injustice into which such general impressions are likely to lead us.

It seems to follow, then, that a man's knowledge when made up of such general impressions is not in a very satisfactory condition. That they should pass for sound information only shows how few care for this acquisition compared with the number of those who desire only its appearance. The excessive estimate of the value of such vague elements of knowledge may be due in part to the false supposition that the general, even when separated from its basis of fact, is worth more than the particular. This undue and sentimental exaltation of the general to the neglect of the concrete and particular has been a fruitful source of illusion in philosophy, and may not improbably have contributed to the popularity of general impressions. Its main source, however, is probably the habit of looking at information simply as a social qualification. A certain appearance of general intelligence is at present required in polite society, and the least troublesome way of satisfying this requirement is by accumulating a number of such general impressions.

We by no means wish to say that these vague general impressions are an unmixed evil, which it is desirable to get rid of altogether. It must be apparent, for one thing, that this is not within our power. Except in a few cases where there is an extraordinary memory for details, the natural and inevitable order of things brings about this indefiniteness of conception. We may have studied a subject with the utmost care, yet after a few months we find that all we retain is a vague recollection of its dominant features. Moreover, it is evident that, with the rapid expansion of all kinds of knowledge which characterizes our time, we must either be content with general impressions respecting most subjects, or remain absolutely ignorant of them. And there is no question that the former alternative is to be preferred. Although essentially vague, and liable to be erroneous, these impressions, so far as correct, constitute a modicum of knowledge. A non-musical man, for example, may have a very hazy idea respecting Wagner's theory of opera; yet the knowledge that there

is a question for discussion here is not without its value. The chief value of such undefined knowledge is that it enables a man to keep in view the whole field of study. It puts him in a position to understand the extent and variety of the subjects which engage human activity and thought, and a perception of this large object may be expected to exert an elevating moral as well as purely intellectual influence. It is to be remarked, further, that a limited general acquaintance with a subject is useful as a possible starting-point for more intimate study. With mental growth the centre of our intellectual interests is apt to shift to new quarters, and a very slight and inadequate notion of the nature and bearings of a particular department of science may suffice to draw our minds some day in this direction.

How then, it may be asked, should the wise man deal with these general impressions as elements of knowledge? It seems to us that he will accept them as a meagre substitute for full and definite ideas where these are beyond his reach. He certainly will not be content to have no intellectual furniture except general impressions. He will make sure of a certain region of accurate observation and study, and will endeavour to give to this region the greatest possible area. In this way he will secure a firm footing of fact, from which he will descry more distinctly even the objects which lie remote from his particular standpoint. And, if he can succeed in enlarging his field of special study, so as to make it representative of the principal branches of intellectual activity, he will always have a definite advantage in judging subjects about which he can only acquire a general impression. More than this, such a limited direction of thought in minute and careful study will generate the habit of referring ideas to facts, and will prevent the mistaking of general impressions for adequate information. A mind thus carefully trained in certain directions may derive a considerable advantage from the possession of such a large field of indistinct vision, and by habits of reflection may, for the most part, escape those liabilities to error which, as we have seen, attend the process of forming general impressions. It would thus seem that general impressions bear a certain resemblance to words, in so far as they are "wise men's counters," but "the money of fools." Thoughtful minds will value them not so much for what they are in themselves as for what they represent. It may be said indeed that the main part of the value of a general impression resides in its possibilities, in the detailed and definite knowledge for which it is the temporary substitute. The fools, however, do not recognize this, but fondly imagine that their confused mass of general impressions, which rests on no sure foundation of immediate observation, and which may be said to float loosely in the air, amounts to real cognition. And even many who are not fools, and who are capable of perceiving the difference between these cloudy notions and definite conceptions, seem to choose the former where the latter are possible through the inertia of an indolent temperament impatient of continuous effort. It is to be expected that, so long as men love ease rather than activity, and are able to pass off the counterfeit of knowledge for its reality, the number of those who are contented with the minimum of knowledge implied in general impressions will remain a large one.

TIRYNS.

WE have slightly sketched the main objects which flit before the eye in the delightful voyage from the harbour of Athens to what we may in some sort look on as the harbour of Argos. Once on the Argolic soil, close in the very centre and cradle of Hellenic legend, among the cities whose names have from childhood been surrounded with a halo of mythic lore, we must pause and muse at greater length on each of the famous and wondrous objects before us. Each has its own charm, its own lesson. Mykéné is the special goal of our pilgrimage, the object which—even putting modern discoveries apart—would of itself fully reward a journey from the Western world. But half the charm, half the lesson, of Mykéné comes from its relation to the other cities in the neighbourhood. Argos and Mykéné, the destroyer and the destroyed, suggest one another, and are coupled together, confounded together, in many a verse and many a legend. But they do not stand alone. Before we reach them we come to another spot, less famous, less striking in many points, but still having its own fame, its own charm, a spot which must not be passed by even by those who are hastening on to the most famous spot of all. The first of our hill-fortresses plays, beside its fellows, a comparatively small part either in legend or in history. Fixed on a less striking spot than either, not crowning such a height as the Larissa of Argos, not backed by mountain and gorge like the akropolis of Mykéné, desolate as Mykéné itself, but containing no such wonders of primitive art within its walled circuit, Tiryns stands before us, claiming our study simply by its walled circuit and nothing else. It is the hill-fort, and nothing but the hill-fort. But it is something to gaze on a hill-fort whose walls were ancient and wonderful in Homer's day, and which abide much as they must have stood in Homer's day. Argos, Mykéné, Corinth, are all to be seen and studied; but we shall lose no small part of the teaching of those cities and of the land of which they form a part, unless we begin our research with the wonderful spot which enabled the first of Greek poets, the first no less of Greek geographers, to fill up his verse with the sounding formula:—

Τίρυνθ' αὖ τε τοιχόεσσαν.

There is moreover one aspect of Tiryns which will give it a special interest to any one who has already seen something of the primitive cities of Italy, but to whom Tiryns itself is his first introduction to the primitive cities of Greece. He who has visited Fiesolæ and Tusculum, he who has looked thoroughly at Rome itself, will feel a certain impression come strongly upon him that his work is imperfect as long as he keeps himself on the western side of the Adriatic. Tusculum, above all things, points to Tiryns. The collection of primæval remains in Greece and Italy made long ago by Dodwell—an observer, we may add, second only to the great name of Leake—was perhaps unlucky in helping to give greater currency to the dangerous word Pelasgian. But it was a great gain to bring the Greek and Italian examples together. It would be a greater gain still to bring together as many examples as possible of the same kind from all parts of the world. The rash theorist may be indeed led into any number of those wild imaginings which find their expression in names like "Druidical" in Britain, and "Pelasgian" in Italy and Greece. But the critical inquirer, the votary of the Comparative method, will be strengthened in his researches by seeing how in the art of building, as in everything else, like effects spring from like causes, how the same stage of process leads to the same results in distant lands and distant ages. The helpless devisers of theories about the origin of the arch, and especially of the pointed arch, may profitably learn that the arch has been striven after in endless places—that it has been successfully striven after in many places—that the pointed arch, simply as a constructive form, is as old as the round, and most likely older. The guide who shows the single "arco Gotico" at Tusculum illustrates the state of mind in which professed inquirers into architectural history were only two or three generations back. To them the Gothic style and the pointed arch meant the same thing. That belief, as well as many other kindred beliefs, may be well unlearned on the acropolis of Tiryns.

Tiryns lies on the way to Argos; and Argos lies on the way from Tiryns to Mykéné. The three should be studied together; their position and history supply at once so much of likeness and so much of contrast. All alike, no less than Fiesolæ and Tusculum, no less than Athens itself, no less than "the great group of village communities by the Tiber," are examples of the primitive hill-fort which has grown into the later city. All show, in different ways, the peculiarities which are characteristic of cities of this immemorial type. But they show also the different forms which that immemorial type might assume, according to difference of local or other circumstances. Athens, Corinth, a crowd of others, all belong to the same general class. We might say that all the strictly immemorial cities of Greece did so. For the river city the small streams of Greece gave no room; and, even where the river city was possible, it doubtless marks a later stage than the hill-fort. The cities of colonial Greece, founded close by or actually in the sea, mark a later stage still. Tiryns, Argos, Mykéné, are all hill cities; but they occupy hills of very different heights and figures. They all stand at no great distance from the sea, but none of them ever grew into a maritime city like Athens, Corinth, or Megara. Near together, but not so near that they could be fused together like the constituent elements of Rome or Sparta, they had to endure the other alternatives which commonly waited on cities which lay near together, but where such union was impossible. Rivalry, enmity, destruction of the weaker by the stronger, formed the staple of the history of the three most famous among the cities of the Argolic land.

We stand there before Tiryns; we are almost surprised at finding that we have so soon reached it from modern Nauplia. Itself as utterly forsaken as Mykéné, it does not stand in the same way as Mykéné, utterly cut off from all signs of modern life, from all signs of any date later than that of the primæval days of Greece. There is indeed something startling in finding a primæval city, and that a city so rich in mythical renown, standing at only a small distance from the roadside. More than seventeen hundred years back Pausanias lighted on it in the same way, and found it as desolate as it is now; then, as now, the wall remained, and nothing more. The site is not for a moment to be compared with that of either of the rival cities. The site of Mykéné would be striking indeed as a mere piece of scenery, even though Mykéné were not there. So would the site, if not of Argos itself, at least of its Larissa and its theatre. But the hill of Tiryns is simply one, and that the lowest, of several small isolated hills in the low ground between the gulf and the mountains. Had other hill-forts arisen on those other nearer hills, the group might have been fused together into one great city by the same process which girded the hills of Rome with a single wall. But this was not to be; Argos was to grow, but it was to grow only by the utter wiping out of Tiryns and Mykéné as inhabited cities. There then, wholly forsaken, not containing so much as a shepherd's hut, stand the mighty walls, the walls which supplied Homer with a speaking epithet, the walls which in later days men deemed to be too great to be the work of mortal hands, and set down as having been wrought by the superhuman skill of the legendary Kyklôpes. The name marks a change in the idea which had come to attach to that name since the days of Homer. The Kyklôpes of later Grecian legend, always artists of one kind or another—sometimes builders of gigantic walls, sometimes forgers of the thunderbolts of Zeus—have no likeness but in name and strength to the solitary and savage Kyklôpes of the Odyssey. But when we see, not only a vast expenditure of mere force, but the display of real skill which is shown

in these primitive works of defence—works, as we are tempted to think, of a rude age, when, if force was abundant, no great skill was to be looked for—it is not wonderful if men in later days looked on them as the work of more than mortal hands. For ornament, for polish or finish of any kind, we are not to look in the stage represented by Tiryns. Yet the way in which the rugged material is dealt with, the piling together of these vast unhewn rocks so as to fit them together and to bring to the front so many comparatively smooth surfaces, was, in the ages and under the circumstances of the builders, as true a work of artistic skill as the care which dictated the delicate curves, the minute differences in distance and direction, in the portico of the Parthenôn itself. Who those builders were it is in vain for us to guess. They belong to the primæval, the unrecorded, days of Hellas, to the days before even legendary history begins. Mykéné has a history—a history which different minds may set down as truth, as mere fable, as fable grounded upon truth, but which still is a history, which still is something different from that mere guessing at the names of founders which was prescribed by the supposed necessity of finding an eponymous hero for every land and city. The legends of Tiryns hardly get beyond this stage. Héraklēs indeed figures in its story, but Héraklēs is in his own nature ubiquitous. That Mykéné contains monuments marking a far higher stage of art than anything at Tiryns proves nothing as to the relative date of the two cities. For the works at Tiryns and the oldest work at Mykéné may well be of the same date. All that we can say is that these walls belong to an age before history, before tradition. If Homer had spoken of these walls as the works of Kyklôpes, we might have seen in it a dim tradition that they were the works of some race of men older than his own Achæians. As it is, we can only say that they are the works of the earliest inhabitants of Peloponnesos of whom any works remain to us; and, whatever we may guess from the analogy of other lands, we have no evidence of the existence of any inhabitants of Peloponnesos earlier than the Achæians of Homer.

We come then somewhat suddenly on the hill-fortress by the roadside. We are guided to the southern face of a hill much longer from north to south than from east to west, and we find ourselves before the main approach of Tiryns, or at least of its akropolis. The great gate has perished; there is nothing to set against the lions of Mykéné. But to the right of where it stood is one of the two main features which have given the walls of Tiryns their special fame. This is what the Greek antiquaries call the *σπίρηξ*, what in English may be called the sally-port, the long passage with its roof made of the great stones of primæval masonry so placed together as to make the form, though not the construction, of the pointed arch. Of the many examples of striving after the archaic construction without ever actually reaching it which are to be found scattered through so many parts of the world, none is more instructive than this. In the history of architectural construction it fully deserves a place alongside of the Mykenian treasures. Here is a great military work of the earliest times, the builders of which were striving hard, though without perfect success, to form an arch. This fact at once puts a barrier between the primitive and the historical buildings of Greece. It is indeed strange that a people which had come so near to the greatest of mechanical discoveries should have failed of altogether reaching it, and should have developed its historical architecture from a principle altogether different. In Italy it was otherwise. We there see exactly the same strivings after the arch which we see in Greece; but here the strivings were rewarded with success at an early time. The attempt succeeded; the perfect arch was lighted on, and the historical architecture of Rome was developed from the principle of the arch. Thus, while Fiesolæ, Tusculum, Signia, a crowd of others have their Greek parallels, there is no Greek parallel to the *clonca maxima* of Rome.

Then, again, as we have already hinted, these examples show that the pointed arch, simply as a constructive form, is as old as the round. Because the pointed arch happened to become the leading feature of an architectural style later than the round arch, we are apt to fancy that the form is later in its own nature, that it must have been developed out of the round, that he who built the first pointed arch must have seen round arches. Yet the pointed form is just as natural in itself, just as likely to occur to a primitive builder. Indeed we might almost say that it was more likely. The first step towards the arch would doubtless be setting two stones to lean against one another; and this would lead much more easily to the pointed arch than to the round. It so happened that the first Italian builders whose strivings after the arch were quite successful were led to the round and not to the pointed form. But had the Tusculan or the Tirythian engineer actually reached the construction to which he came so near, an architectural style with the pointed arch for its great constructive feature might have arisen in Latium or Argolis a thousand years before it actually did arise under Saracenic hands.

Again, in considering these matters, we must carefully keep ourselves back from any tempting ethnological theories, above all from such ethnological theories as lurk in the dangerous word Pelasgian. No one doubts the near connexion of the old Italian and the old Greek races, a connexion nearer than that of common Aryan origin. But the same kind of analogies which may be seen in their earlier buildings may be seen also in the early buildings of races which are much further apart. If Tiryns finds its best parallel at Tusculum, Mykéné finds its best parallel at New Grange. Nearly just the same strivings after the arch may be found in more

than one land altogether beyond the pale of European or Aryan fellowship, as for instance in the ruined cities of Central America. The analogies in the primeval architecture of remote nations exactly answer to the analogies in their weapons, dress, and customs. They belong to the domain of Mr. Tylor.

But, while the remains at Tiryns have this special interest for the student of architectural history, they show also how far the primitive engineers had advanced in the scientific study of the art of defence. Even the non-military observer can well take this in on the eastern side. There rises what, seen from within, seen in a direct view from without, the beholder is apt to call a tower. But it is merely that the wall is either better preserved at this point or else was higher from the beginning. Here was one chief approach to the fortress, and it was guarded by what, in the technical language of Colonel Leake, is called a ramp. The only approach to the gate was by going up an ascent formed by an advanced wall, made so that an assailant would expose his unshielded side to the defenders of the fort. This skilful piece of fortification, with the sally-port which is so nearly perfect, and another of which traces remain on the other side, shows that the primitive engineers, call them *Kyklôpes* or anything else, had advanced a long way beyond mere mechanical piling together of stones.

The walls doubtless fence in only the akropolis, the primitive city, answering to the oldest Athens, to the oldest Rome on the Palatine. How far the town may have spread itself over the surrounding plain we have no means of judging; but we cannot believe that Tiryns ever became a great city like Argos and Corinth. Its name vanishes from history too soon for that. But at Tiryns, as we shall also see at Mykênê, there was an upper and a lower city within the fortified enclosure itself. Greek antiquaries call the higher level a *καρπύριον*, a place of refuge; but it is the strongly fortified part to which the approaches lead. Was this the royal citadel, and was the lower part the dwelling-place of the other original settlers before the town had spread at all beyond the present akropolis? The military objects of the two levels are gone into by Colonel Leake. But we must remember that these ancient strongholds were not, like modern forts, built simply to be attacked and defended. They were dwelling-places of man, fortified because they were dwelling-places of man. One would think that the whole of the first body of settlers would find shelter within the walls. There was the king on the higher level; the rest of the tribe was below. A *δῆμος* might or might not arise beyond their defences. At Rome and Athens such a *δῆμος* did arise, and made the history of Rome and Athens different from that of Tiryns.

It is a wonderful thing to stand beneath these mighty walls, raised out of the huge blocks which seem too great for mortal men to have piled. Nowhere else does the line of thought which they suggest come out so strongly. On the Athenian akropolis there are blocks ruder than those of Tiryns itself; but they are hidden by the great works of more polished days. At Mykênê the walls, mighty as they are, have almost yielded to tombs, gates, and treasures. At Tiryns it is the walls and the walls alone which seem to speak of its days of power. Tiryns struck men as being *τειχεόσσα* in the days of the Homeric Catalogue. It is as *τειχεόσσα*, and as *τειχεόσσα* only, that it strikes us still.

SCHOOLS OF COOKERY.

IT may fairly be questioned whether a practical knowledge of how to choose nourishing food and prepare it in a wholesome and economical manner would not be quite as valuable an acquirement to a girl belonging to the working classes as how to knit a stocking or make a shirt. This view does not, however, seem as yet to have presented itself to the heads of the Education Department, if we are to judge of their opinions by the tone of their subordinates. The Government Inspectors, as a rule, put every obstacle they can in the way of those schools which have taken up cooking. We should have thought it would be much easier for them to hold an examination in pies and puddings than in cross-stitch and felling, and that they could more readily judge of the grilling of a herring than give an opinion upon the merits of a row of herring-bone. But so important a subject can scarcely be put aside because Inspectors look coldly on everything outside the three R's. No doubt the time usually spent by children at school is so limited as to require the most careful husbandry; but, on the other hand, the experience of most managers who have tried the experiment is that having variety in work stimulates the faculties and produces a more healthy and vigorous tone of mind. It is found that the time given to cooking, say two hours in the week, is easily made up, and that the girls so employed are not retarded in their general education. At the present moment when the subject of cooking has taken hold upon the public, and when numbers of people are ready to lend their aid if they only know how, it is most desirable that, if Government intend that domestic economy should really be taught in Board Schools, they should at once collect information and organize some system likely to work. It would be no easy task, for the difficulties are considerable. They are not, however, more formidable than many others which have already been overcome. Perhaps to give briefly a few of the suggestions which have been made by practical workers in the field might be of interest to those who think, with Lord Beaconsfield, that "the health of a people is really the foundation

upon which all their happiness and all their power as a State depends."

The members of the School Board of Birmingham hope they see a way out of some of their present hindrances. They have sent up a memorial to headquarters praying "that grants may be made on the results of instruction in practical cookery as a distinct subject, on the same principle upon which grants are now made to elementary schools through the Science and Art Department." The memorialists also ask for aid towards fitting up and furnishing places for practical instruction, and that teachers should be encouraged to pass special examinations with a view to the teaching of cookery. A private meeting was lately held by the representatives of some of the principal schools of cookery to discuss their difficulties, and see if any uniform system could be built up and worked out. Almost every question discussed seemed to turn more or less upon a knowledge of what steps, if any, the Education Department is going to take. They all, however, came to a resolution that it was their unanimous opinion that it would be most advantageous "for the promotion of the scientific teaching of cookery if 'food and its preparation' were added to the subjects of examination conducted by the Science and Art Department." They thought that these examinations "would be of special advantage in connexion with the requirements of the Education Department in respect of domestic economy." Mr. Newton Price, whose own village school at Watford Heath has been such a marked success, seems to think that the first step ought to be a circular sent out from the Education Office defining, in very general terms, the work to be done. It might propose a best and second best course, to be adopted according to local circumstances, and offer a grant on results. He is very much afraid of red tape, as almost every school would be a special case, and too much interference in minor arrangements might often mar all usefulness. Originality and invention should not be treated as high treason; but schools judged by results more than by the manner in which such results were attained. Mr. Price's scheme for holding an examination is certainly practical. He assumes that every man is a *gourmet* if he has only had the chance of cultivating a faculty which is innate in us all. The Inspector might therefore be expected to be able to arrange a bill of fare from the course of dishes taught in the school. This selection would have to be made beforehand, so that the raw material might be provided. Let him on his arrival choose, without reference to the teacher, two or more girls to retire from the general examination to prepare his lunch. The morning's work would no doubt give him a sharp appetite and power to dispose of a sufficient number of dishes to test the ability of the little cooks. With regard to where the instruction of the children is to be carried on when there is no special building for the purpose, Mr. Price offers several suggestions. In some cases the schoolmistress's house might be had, in others the village club or reading-room, which is not generally used in the day. Perhaps some old widow, to whom a shilling would be a consideration, might lend her cottage for two or three hours in the week. There is no doubt that the more nearly artisan teaching can be conducted amongst the usual conditions of the poor, the more likely it will be to be useful. Gas-stoves and copper pans should be used as little as possible, except in the teaching of the higher branches of the art.

If we now for a moment assume that all difficulties with regard to the Education Department were surmounted, that it was settled that cooking was to be placed on the same footing as needlework and separated from "clothing," supposing that the schools taking up the subject could earn four or even two shillings on each pupil passed, let us see next how and where are the teachers to be trained. Is South Kensington to be the great college whose diplomas are to be compulsory? If so, is it to be managed on the same principle as at present? It is, no doubt, very encouraging to be told by Sir Henry Cole that he loves the ladies, has always loved them, and would do anything for them. It may to certain people be highly complimentary to be slapped on the back by Mr. Buckmaster, and informed that, if they learn to make appetizing dishes, they will be sure to be able to secure husbands. There are some young women who no doubt appreciate a flirtation with the facetious Secretary in a back lobby, particularly as his time seems to hang heavily on his hands. But to the general public all these social charms of South Kensington are of little moment. They want their letters answered. They want trustworthy information and advice. They want to be sure of the efficiency and character of the teachers sent out. They want to know who gives the diplomas, and whether there is more than one person in the establishment who really understands cooking. They would ask for some good reason why the school is closed now at the very time when teachers and pupil-teachers of Board and other schools would most gladly avail themselves of some instruction during their holidays. They would like to know why, with the large fees charged, the school is not self-supporting. Sir Henry Cole says that everything is a question of money. It might be suggested that management, economy, and a judicious selection of officials were quite as important matters as subscriptions or ducal patronage. It may be found that practical cookery cannot at present be advantageously included in the national code of education. It is certainly not desirable to put more work on the teachers, who have already enough on their hands. There is, however, no reason why private enterprise should not establish a great network of schools all over the country, some stationary, some missionary. By dint of hard work, method, thrift, and careful attention to financial details, the

Edinburgh School of Cookery finds itself at the end of two years with more than a thousand pounds of actual earnings. This is independent of 600*l.* subscribed to start the work, which is deposited in bank to build new premises. These canny Scotch ladies have charged the smallest sum possible for admission to their lessons and for private classes. They have given instruction in out-of-the-way places, where profit could not be expected, making the money earned in one place supply the need of another. They have invented a flying *batterie de cuisine*, so that all the preparations required for their reception is a room and a connexion with the nearest gaspipe. The indefatigable Secretary, if she were permitted, would include the elder boys in the School Board classes, and wishes to be ready to give lessons in the preparation of food to soldiers, sailors, and intending colonists, as well as to supply them with information as to the apparatus and food material likely to be at their disposal in foreign countries. She further thinks that in University towns provision should be made for teaching sick-room cookery to medical students, and that at all times the school should be able to furnish information regarding the dietary and stoves suited for hospitals and other public institutions. Already, on two occasions, teachers have been called upon to give lessons on camp cookery, and in one village in Scotland the evening artisan class was chiefly composed of ploughmen from neighbouring bothies. The ladies of Edinburgh have formed a very high ideal of the training required for teachers, and their present fear is that, owing to the interest felt all over the country on the subject of cookery, inferior and half-trained persons may be sent out who will bring the movement into disrepute.

KEATS'S AMERICAN LETTERS.

IT does not seem quite certain that the New York newspaper, the *World*, has done a service to the memory of Keats by publishing his letters. English readers, it is true, cannot but be glad to hear about the fortunes of the surviving members of the poet's family. Of his two brothers, Thomas and George, the former died young, and Lord Houghton has noticed the "pathetic underlining" of the words "Poor Tom" in Keats's copy of Shakespeare. Frances Keats, the sister of the poet, married Señor Llanos, a Spanish gentleman, who was for some years the representative of his Government at Rome. Her son, Juan Llanos y Keats, is said to be a painter of some note at Madrid. There remains also the family of George Keats, who emigrated to America in 1818. Four of his seven children are still alive, and from one of them, Mrs. Speed, the Correspondent of the *World* got the letters which have been made the subject of some controversy.

Before speaking of the authenticity of the letters, it may be well to give some account of the life of Mr. George Keats. His distinguished brother applauded his resolution "to become a farmer, and work with his own hands," because his mind was too high and liberal for trade. George Keats's wife was also "of a high and liberal nature"; but the pair did not really settle quietly and till the ground. At Louisville George Keats met Audubon, the famous woodsman and naturalist, and by his advice took part in founding a colony. The colony proved to be a counterpart of the Eden of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, and John Keats held that Audubon was little better than a Scadder, or a Hannibal Chollop. "I cannot help thinking M. Audubon a dishonest man." This is quite a new light on the character of a person whom of course Keats could not judge without prejudice. It was while George Keats was suffering from the failure of his new colony, in 1819 apparently, that John wrote the undated letters which are now published. His brother soon afterwards paid a hasty visit to England, and then returned to America, where he prospered greatly till 1842, when he died, immediately after a second stroke of misfortune. His letters to his daughter, who was visiting Margaret Fuller, in 1839, are extremely sensible. He has no high opinion of the German literature, which seems to have been the fashionable influence in America at that date. "Do not cultivate sentiment, my dear girl, until your conscience is unable to distinguish between what is right and what is wrong; and there is no sentiment more likely to captivate than the *Werther* German, and the more mature *Wilhelm Meister*, which latter you ought not to read." Margaret Fuller presented George Keats with some flowers from the grave of the poet in Rome, "the flowers which the poor fellow anticipated would grow over him." In return he gave her the original MS. of the "Ode to Autumn," a treasure beyond price. Mr. Keats perhaps showed his sense—at all events, he gave proof of the pugnacity of his family—by fighting the great "James L. Breckenridge, a representative of Louisville in Congress, with his fists." We do not know whether Congress was the scene of this spirited rally, which the *Louisville Journal* called "the most gentlemanly mill on record."

When Lord Houghton was preparing his *Life and Letters of Keats*, Mr. George Keats sent him several of the poet's epistles, "copied out in a clear hand and with evident care." A Correspondent of the *Athenaeum* has compared the letters printed in the *World* with those of Lord Houghton's book, and has detected various discrepancies. Very often the form in the *World* is more ample than in the Houghton collection, and various passages of doubtful taste, or lines containing suspicious words, are omitted in the letters published by the biographer of Keats. It is really a matter of little moment that the letters to Tom, giving an account of

Keats's Scotch tour, vary from the version which he sent to George. Keats is speaking of Iona and Staffa. He tells Tom that an old schoolmaster called Maclean showed the graves and so on at Iona. In writing to George he is made to spell Icolmkill Trolinkil, and it is hard to understand whether Maclean was the cicerone of Iona or of Staffa. In both letters he makes the same poor joke. His letter to George looks, in short, as if it was condensed from recollection of his letter to Tom, and carelessly transcribed by the copyist. In Byron's correspondence the same joke often does double and treble duty. In short, the discrepancies may be due to want of memory, and haste on the part of Keats himself. A comparison of the letters to George alone, as given by Lord Houghton and by the *World*, brings out more curious differences. For example, the *World* makes Keats say "our bodies every seven years are completely fresh-materialled," "men interassimilate," "lessons at the rate of 2 and 6 per fag," and so on, in passages which either do not occur in Lord Houghton's book at all, or occur in different and more probable language. Lord Houghton himself says, in a letter to the *Academy*, that, "as far as he remembers, he exercised some discretion and selection in his publication, but never permitted himself to make any change either in language or arrangement." It may be possible that Mr. George Keats, when transcribing the correspondence for Lord Houghton, exercised a discretion which was not uncalled for. Keats's letters to George were long, and took almost the shape of a journal. His great love of his brothers showed itself in the care with which he recorded every trifling piece of gossip, and in his apologies, to Mrs. George Keats, for speaking too much about his private friends, Leigh Hunt, Haydon, and others. He hoped that, if Kean could but act in it, his play of *Otho the Great* might restore the family fortunes. "Mine, I am sure, is a tolerable tragedy; it would have been a bank to me if, just as I had finished it, I had not heard of Kean's resolution to go to America. He complains that his name with the literary fashionables is vulgar; he is a weaver's boy to them." He comforts himself, "adonising as if he were going out," and then sitting down to write. He reports the weakest little jokes, made by Reynolds and others. He writes what he justly calls "nonsense verses," with very little humour in them. He declares, in that age of *Blackwood's Magazine*, and of his enemy the *Quarterly Review*, that "there is scarcely a grain of party spirit now in England."

One fault of the Keats letters is a would-be funniness which ought not to have been resuscitated. The "titterly" parts of his correspondence should have been left in the original MS. The joke about Mr. Severn's baby he ought never to have made; it is not the joke of a man of taste or good feeling. There is no excuse for its publication. The practical joke played on Mr. Brown might pass at the time, though it cannot be condensed without spoiling one element of mirth it possesses. The tale of Major Snooks, his peccadilloes, and his silly wife, is a nasty little tale. The Correspondent of the *World* declares that the family of George Keats "did not care to give publicity to what they thought unworthy of his undying reputation." It is a pity that they did not continue in this mind. Nothing could have been further from Keats's imagination than the idea that the idle chatter, the colloquial nonsense with which he tried to amuse the exile and melancholy of his brother, would ever be made matter of tattle by people who probably are ignorant of *Lamia* and scarcely know *Hyperion* by name. It is necessary to protest against what is really an insult to the name of one who wears, among the "souls of poets dead and gone," an aureole of unsurpassed purity and brilliance. As more characteristic examples of the humour of Keats, a humour which, like that of Lamb, sought for quaintness, and imitated the style of an older world, we may quote two passages:—

Monday.—This day is a grand day for Winchester, they elect the mayor. It was indeed high time the place had some sort of excitement. There was nothing going on—all asleep. Not an old maid's sedan returning from a card party, and if any old women have got tipsy they have not exposed themselves in the street. The side streets here are excessively maiden lady-like—the door-steps always fresh from the flannel; the knockers have a very staid, serious, nay, almost awful, quietness about them. I never saw so quiet a collection of lions' and rams' heads. The doors most part black, with a little brass handle just above the keyhole, so that you may easily shut yourself out of your own house—he! he! There is none of your Lady Ballaston rapping and ringing here; no thundering Jupiter footmen; no opera-treble tattoos; but a modest lifting up of the knocker by a set of little wee old fingers that peep through the gray mittens, and a dying fall thereof. The great beauty of poetry is that it makes everything, every place, interesting.

The palatine Venice and the abbottine Winchester are equally interesting. Some time since I began a poem called "The Eve of St. Mark," quite in the spirit of town quietude. I think it will give you the sensation of walking about an old country town in a coolish evening. I know not yet whether I shall ever finish it. I will give it as far as I have gone—*ut tibi placeret!*

When he wrote to his sister-in-law, Mrs. George Keats, it was in another strain; he used the modish slang of the day, the slang of Tom and Jerry:—

As far as I could smoke things on the Sunday before last, thus matters stood in Henrietta Street. Henry was a greater blade than ever I remember to have seen him; he had on a very nice coat, a becoming waistcoat, and buff trousers. I think his face has lost a little of the Spanish-brown, but no flesh. He carved some beef exactly to suit my appetite, as if I had been measured for it. As I stood looking out of the window with Charles after dinner, quizzing the passengers, at which, I am sorry to say, he is too apt, I observed that his young son-of-a-gun's whiskers had begun to curl and curl—little twists and twists; all down the sides of his face getting properly thickish on the angles of the visage. He certainly will have a notable pair of whiskers.

Clearly letters of this sort add nothing to our knowledge of Keats, even though they do not shake our respect for his character and genius. The feeling which we entertain for him is a delicate and sensitive thing, which ought to be kept from the shocks which a foolish and prurient curiosity inflicts. It may be a thing beyond editorial virtue to refrain from printing a literary treasure-trove of this kind, though the treasure is none of the purest. This silly chatter of a day cannot be forgotten in a moment. It is well to think of Keats as a kind and painstaking brother, and to forget blemishes of taste which should have been kept in inviolable secrecy.

PROFESSOR NEWMAN ON DISESTABLISHMENT.

WE are not aware whether Professor Francis Newman is correct in crediting Mr. Gladstone with the coining of "the two verbs Disestablish and Disendow." But whoever is responsible for giving currency to these verbs and their cognate substantives may fairly lay claim to the privilege *fingerare cinctus non exaudita Cethegia*. The ideas conveyed by these terms would have been abhorrent to the minds of our forefathers, and are still, for very various and even opposite reasons, abhorrent to the minds of many. A writer in the current number of the *Edinburgh Review*, whose ultra "Erastian" personality—he expressly avows and glories in the name—it is not very difficult to decipher, is one of these. He has turned what professes to be a review of Geffcken's learned work on Church and State into a running commentary on recent ecclesiastical events in England, including "the curious case of the Vicar of Hatcham," and winds up with a characteristic fling at the "cuckoo-cry of Disestablishment" as being "equally groundless, senseless, and mischievous." Senseless and mischievous it may be, but it cannot in strictness be said to be groundless, if we may judge from the really bewildering multiplicity and variety of theories which have been broached during the last six months only in sundry magazines, dealing not so much with the abstract question of disestablishment as with the most feasible or most desirable way of effecting what the writers assume to be not only beneficial but inevitable. We do not say that they are right on either point; our contention is simply that the question of disestablishment is no longer so entirely "outside the range of practical politics" as it appears to some complacent optimists. To the writer in the *Edinburgh Review* the government of the Church by Parliament and Royal Commissions—the former taking, so to say, the place of Ecumenical Councils, the latter of Roman Congregations or Provincial Synods—presents an ideal on which it is hardly possible to improve. The very divergence of sentiment on almost every other subject among a phalanx in which Mr. Miall and Mr. Mackonochie march side by side proves, not that their common object is a good one, but that it is one which commends itself as good to a sufficiently wide constituency to demand the serious notice of its opponents as well as of its advocates. Ritualists who yearn for deliverance from State control, Liberationists who are outraged by what they consider a misapplication of public funds, Dissenting ministers who fret under the social superiority of their Anglican rivals, are all substantially agreed as to what they desire to see accomplished in the first instance, though it may be doubted whether all of them, and especially the latter class, would not find themselves somewhat disappointed by the result. They all proceed on the assumption that there is one Established and Endowed Church only in England, and will be rather surprised to learn from an impartial friend, who is now we believe connected with the Unitarian body, that there are a great many, and that the same process, if applied at all, must be applied to all alike. "Every Dissenting Church," it is remarked by Professor Newman in an article in this month's number of *Fraser's Magazine*, "which has any endowments at all [and that includes at least all the more important Dissenting bodies] is as much established at this moment as is the Anglican Church, with the difference that the State does not claim to interfere with the interior management of a Dissenting Church." And if the Episcopal Church is to be disestablished, the Dissenting bodies must consent to be disestablished also. "If we are to disestablish, we must apply the principle to all Churches,—to Dissenters Protestant or Catholic, as well as to Protestant Episcopalians or Scottish Presbyterians." And moreover the Dissenters ought to be disestablished "first."

There is something about the novelty of this suggestion, apart from the name of its author, which challenges attention. Mr. Newman's article is a short one, and though it is plainly written, he is not gifted with that rare lucidity of style which distinguishes his illustrious brother. His view of the situation, as far as we apprehend it, is briefly this. The property of the Anglican Church, as of the Dissenting bodies, was in the first instance partly, or mainly, given by private persons and not by the State. And the State by recognizing and receiving these religious endowments in perpetuity, whether bestowed on Episcopalians or Nonconformists, has *ipso facto* "established" both the Episcopal and the Dissenting Churches, though it claims no control over the internal affairs of the latter. But to do this is "essentially wrong," for it is to establish and thus perpetuate a number of conflicting creeds, all of which may be, and all but one must be, more or less false. It is "to enforce the teaching of opposites, which involves the compulsory teaching of falsehood"—to enforce at once the creed of Mr. Spurgeon, of Pope Pius, of Bishop Blomfield,

of Mr. Simeon, and of Dean Milman. In the case of science the absurdity of such a procedure would be manifest to every one, but "the mischief of a false chemistry would be small compared to the mischief of a false religion." Therefore "all imposition of religious creeds in trust-deeds and other documents ought to be declared null and void," leaving the existing holders of the funds for the time being free to use their own discretion as to the maintenance and transmission of their hereditary beliefs; and thus a chance would be afforded for the minority of active minds in each generation, who have outgrown their traditional creed, gradually leavening the whole body, which is now hindered by the legal support given through endowments to that creed. There is little to find fault with in Professor Newman's statement of the facts. It is true that all or nearly all the endowments of the Established Church accrued to it originally through personal benefactions, whether of Sovereigns or of private persons. If it is argued that the State transferred these benefactions at the Reformation to a new Church or a new faith, at all events it did not give them; on the contrary it seized the opportunity of appropriating a portion for itself. Nor can it be denied that, by according legal recognition and security to the endowments similarly bestowed through private benefactors on what are called "voluntary Churches," it does *pro tanto* establish and endow these also, though without claiming that right to interfere in their internal management, which is the price exacted for the further advantages, real or supposed, conferred on what is called the Established Church. And this is, so far, to establish several conflicting creeds, which cannot from the nature of the case all of them be true, and may, for anything the State can determine, all of them be false. But when the accuracy of this statement of facts is admitted, as far as it goes, the writer's inference still remains to be proved. There is no obvious reason on the face of it why the State should not, in this sense, establish and endow a number of rival Churches. It may indeed be maintained that all religious endowments, as such, are wrong and ought to be prohibited, which is the position lately assumed by Mr. Mackonochie; or that the duty of the State is to discover which is the true Church, and support that alone, ignoring, or persecuting, or barely tolerating all other forms of faith; or that it should establish the religion of the majority, and leave the rest to take care of themselves. But Mr. Newman holds none of these theories. He would have all sects, if we rightly understand him, placed on an equality, and allow all alike to acquire such endowments as their adherents may choose to bestow with the sanction of the law, so long as no religious tests of any kind are inserted in the trust-deeds. And he hopes by this means to guard against the legal support and perpetuation of dogmatic systems, which would be left to depend on their own inherent strength, and might be gradually superseded or remoulded as "the most active minds in each generation zealous for truth" began to find them untenable.

This scheme is open to at least one very obvious criticism. We need not discuss here whether it is or is not desirable in itself to promote the maintenance of particular creeds by endowments or other external aids. It is sufficient to observe that the remedy proposed by Professor Newman would not be likely to prove very efficacious, and, as regards what he evidently considers the most serious danger of the existing state of the law—that it "gives to the Catholic Church the greatest facility of aggrandizing itself"—would have no effect at all. There is an important difference between the present position of the Established Church and that of the Dissenting communities to which he has not adverted. It cannot alter or interpret its formal doctrines without the direct intervention of the State, and they can. It is true that in a doctrinal dispute involving rights of property the law courts would decide, as they decided in the case of Lady Hewley's Charity, whether a Dissenting minister was or was not within the prescribed limits of orthodoxy of his own communion. But whereas in the Established Church such a judgment would be final, it would be open to the Wesleyan Conference or the Free Kirk General Assembly to revise the wording of their formularies on any point where they considered it to have been misinterpreted. The perpetuation of uniform teaching, so far as it is affected by their possession of property, in such bodies, does not depend on the incorporation of doctrinal definitions in trust-deeds conveying endowments, but on the power and will of the religious organization holding the endowments to impose its own conditions on the recipients. Mr. Newman indeed admits as much when he says that "Catholic trustees or Bishops will appoint Catholics, Simeonites will appoint Evangelicals, Baptists will appoint Baptists, Unitarians will appoint Unitarians." Whether it is usual now, in conveying property to Baptist or Unitarian chapels, to specify in detail the peculiar tenets of those communities in the legal documents, we are not aware, but we should scarcely have supposed it. The disestablished Church of Ireland, which holds considerable endowments under legal sanction, has already within the few years of its separate existence made important changes in its formularies, if not in its doctrine, and still more sweeping alterations have been proposed. And if on the other hand the State can be justly said to "enforce the perpetual teaching of the Catholic Creed," that is not because the Tridentine definitions are inserted in trust-deeds securing Catholic property, but because the property is legally secured to a body which is both able and resolved to perpetuate the Tridentine creed. Mr. Newman may, again, be right in thinking that "the Anglican Church, once released from the State, will not be helpless nor unvexatious to Dissenters." Some of its most zealous adherents

assure us that it will be stronger than at present. Be that as it may, its energies as a dogmatic or "despotic Church" will not be seriously crippled by stipulating that in the conveyance of any endowments which it is permitted to retain or to receive, the Thirty Nine Articles shall not be recorded in the trust-deed. The State may fairly enough refuse to sanction not merely the endowment but the practice of a religion which it regards as grossly immoral or superstitious; and this is the plea urged in America—to cite one of the examples adduced here—for suppressing the Mormonite community at Utah. But a religious body which is allowed to acquire property at all must in fairness be allowed to frame its own conditions of membership and ministerial office. Professor Newman's object would be best attained, so far as it is attainable, by refusing all legal sanction to any religious endowments whatever. But for such a policy it is not easy to find precedents, and it is still less easy to form a confident anticipation of the result.

WILDBAD.

THERE are baths which are cheerful, not to say gay, and baths which even verge on the dissipated, while others have an air of solemn business about them that must be excessively depressing to nervous invalids. Thus at Homburg and Baden Baden, even now that the gambling administrations which conducted everything so magnificently have been legislated out of these places, you have still a sense of light and cheerfulness. There are rows of gay houses with blooming flowers and gorgeous sunblinds, whence you hear the strains of pianos, lively with the *chansonnettes* of Offenbach; people sip their cups at the springs in the gardens, as they might refresh themselves with an ice, or hock and seltzer-water; while those who lounge along in bath-chairs seem to do so rather from listlessness than necessity. There is plenty of pleasant talk at the *tables-d'hôte*, and a conspicuous absence of care-worn faces. The hours of the foreign visitors, at least, are far from being unconscionably early. You are not disturbed by the brusque movements of your next-door neighbour while yet in the middle of your beauty sleep; and there is no general eclipsing of the lights just as you begin to feel wide-awake in the evening. And there are baths, on the other hand, which we do not care to particularize, where impressions of disease and death-grapples are irresistible. Patients in each stage of dilapidation and decay shock your eyes at every turn; and if you take a stroll along the paths in the crowded cemetery, you move among lines of elaborate tombstones, erected to the memory of the strangers who have remained there. But, between the two extremes, are the baths that combine these opposite characteristics. The waters are guaranteed sovereign specifics for certain grave complaints and critical cases; there is no mistaking the heart-wearing anxiety with which patients are devoting themselves to bathing and drinking; yet, at the same time, there is a strong infusion of the lighter element, which increases the chances of successful treatment by throwing rose-coloured streaks across the invalid's horizon. There are baths for which nature seems to have done nothing but provide the waters that may be medicinally invaluable, while it has left all the surroundings as gloomy as possible, offering not even a semblance of healthful distraction. You find yourself buried alive in the depths of some little valley, or locked away into some sombre gorge, where lowering woods or frowning precipices shut out the sunlight save for an hour or two at noonday. Or you must lead the life of a lizard on a sun-burned, stone-strewn plain, which suggests the notion of an Arabia Petraea rather than of any landscape in Europe. While, on the other hand, you may find all you have gone in search of in mountain valleys like that of the Upper Engadine, where your hotel is in the very ante-chamber of the grandest Alpine scenery, and the breezes that sweep down off the snow peaks and the glaciers come laden with all that is most invigorating.

Perhaps, for the mere passing stranger, the waters which hold the middle place between these extremes are the most interesting, if not actually the most lively. You have a country sufficiently attractive to invite you to agreeable walks; you need be at no loss for congenial companions who are eager to help you to kill the time, and yet you are constrained to look on at a variety of those life dramas which read you most profitably though painful lessons. There is Wildbad, for example. Wildbad is situated in what must once have been one of the most secluded valleys in the Schwarzwald, on a road that leads to nowhere in particular. Few people probably go there without a purpose, but the purposes that take them thither are manifold. The great *specialité* is the treatment of diseases that cripple the invalid or rack him with pains. It acts on gout and rheumatism in all their forms; it loosens stiffened joints, and splices and patches splintered bones; it makes the lame to walk, and the paralytic to hobble. It is supposed to help to set straight the most ghastly forms of distortion, the results of fever and severe illness of every kind. And at the same time, if you consult Dr. Granville and later authorities *passim*, you will learn that the properties of its springs are soothing and slowly invigorating. It is said to calm the fevered brain and restore the enervated vital forces. Insensibly it tranquillizes the melancholy which has deranged the overtaxed nervous system, and acts on premature exhaustion and old age like the medicated herbs that "did renew old Jason." Even if you have come to Wildbad in ignorance of what you were to expect, before you are well established in your hotel you might give a shrewd diagnosis of the symptoms of the great majority of

the visitors. A half-dozen of bath-chairs or sedan-chairs on wheels are drawn up side by side in the passage which leads to the courtyard behind. Singularly commodious and luxurious chairs they are, by the way, with an ingenious apparatus that raises the legs to the angle best suited to the need of the occupant. You pass knots of stranger attendants gossiping on the staircases and in the corridors; for many of the guests who are more or less helpless come accompanied by couriers or nurses, or at all events by body servants of some kind. If nature has blessed you with sound health or left you your pristine elasticity of frame, you find yourself insensibly growing ashamed of your own springiness of tread. For as you bound up and down from your apartment, you give the go-by to the maimed and the halt painfully dragging themselves up and down by the balustrades.

It seems the normal condition of humanity in Wildbad to have more or less of a limp; there is a strange variety of curious and solid walking-sticks on exhibition, more generally used in pairs than singly; and in the eating and reading *salons* on the ground floor there are crutches lying about in odd corners. When you take your seat at the *table d'hôte*, especially at the early one, you see ladies and gentlemen being helped to their places, by no means as a matter of formal politeness. Not a few of them have more or less lost the use of their lower limbs; some are actually carried in arms; while here and there at corners places are reserved for those who must stretch their stiffened legs before them. It is one of the consolations of a resort of this kind that the unfortunate patients need show no false shame. However bad they may be, there is sure to be others to keep them in countenance. And the worse they are, the more they appear to be respected. Do they not embody a marvellous faith in the efficacy of the waters, showing an example which is the best of all encouragements to those less severely afflicted; and may they not leave after a season or two as living proofs of the miracles that may be wrought by single-minded perseverance? The conversation naturally runs on the course of the treatment, and on cures which are more or less matters of tradition. The gouty gentleman who has just completed his dozen of baths is congratulated on the improved action he displayed on the promenade in the morning, while condolences are offered to a victim of rheumatism on the slight, though obvious, relapse that, however, can be satisfactorily accounted for; a sceptic—for sceptics sometimes make their way even to Wildbad—or a fellow-sufferer who is labouring under depression or despondency is confronted or comforted with stories of those startling cures which can be brought in precisely as cases in point; and not seldom indeed there needs to be no small store of faith. It is all very well for anybody who arrives with a party of solicitous friends, and whose mind is diverted from his personal troubles by light and bright society. But you see sunken-cheeked solitaires who glide about spectre-like, never speaking and seldom spoken to. If they sleep tolerably of nights, appearances must be strangely deceptive; and it is hard to see how the waters are to work beneficially with them, since their familiar demon never leaves them for a moment. Yet almost worse off are those patients labouring under disheartening maladies who go in pairs. There is an elderly gentleman barely able to balance himself on his failing limbs, leaning heavily on the shoulder of a younger man, who wears the most ghastly and woebegone expression, who is himself staggering as if he might slip at every step, and whose bloodshot eyes are staring sadly into vacancy. Were you to follow them into their apartment while they are killing the weary hours—for they are equal to very little exercise—you could scarcely find yourself in more dismal company. Happily for them, however, as well as for others, there is a brighter side to the picture. Besides *malades imaginaires* and people but slightly ill, there are many who are really profiting by the treatment, and who are proportionately elated and exhilarated. And there are many more who show a most creditable fortitude and elasticity, and who can recover something of their earlier cheerfulness under the influences of cheerful society. Most people, whether musically disposed or not, acknowledge the inspiring power of melody; and when the band plays in the morning or evening the Kurplatz before the Bath-house is almost as animated as the market-place at the other end, when the peasants have crowded in of a morning, with their baskets of poultry and fruit and vegetables.

Music is a matter of course, and a part of universal bath treatment; but it must be admitted that other amusements are scarce. There is a vast and scantily furnished café, where coffee is only to be procured up to an early hour in the afternoon; with a single billiard-table dropped in the middle that is chiefly patronized by couriers. There is a Hof reading-room, to which you, however, must subscribe. There are occasional concerts, with mediocre performances; and there is a tiny summer theatre in the gardens, where the acting is more or less entertaining. These gardens, so far as they go, are pretty nearly all that can be desired, and the most has been made of the valley and the little stream that waters it. Ingenuity has exhausted itself in multiplying paths, and in leading them up to any eminence or opening that commands the semblance of a prospect. But there, as in the surrounding forest that stretches away indefinitely on all sides, the very density of the timber and the foliage is a drawback. Away from the well-kept carriage road that leads up and down the valley of the Enz, you are always sighing for sunlight or stifling in the absence of air. Here and there the sweep of the black fir-woods encloses in bright green meadows on steep slopes, studded over with rude wooden chalets for housing the precious hay crops.

There is a fresh scent of hay or grass in the air, while innumerable little rills trickle down from the woodlands, making a system of natural irrigation easy. But elsewhere you are enveloped in the never-ending woods, bend your steps which way you will. Black ridge succeeds to black ridge; and, though at the bottom of each abrupt descent you come upon the inevitable water, these shallow streams are your only guides, and you are utterly abroad without a compass. There are forest tracks for hauling the felled timber; but then they lose you in a labyrinth, and there are steep slides grooved in the hill-sides, by which each single stem when it is cut down is sent by a short cut to the bottom. Nothing can be richer or more beautiful than the warm undergrowth of foxgloves among the pale green bracken and beds of bilberry, contrasting with the darkness of the pines above and with the bald patches of dark brown carpeting, thickly strewn with the dried pine needles. But these great woods are strangely silent in the daytime in the height of the summer; although at night you may listen to the cries of the night roamers and the hooting of the big Black Forest owls. The only sounds that come to your ear in your walks are the heavy strokes of the woodmen's axes; the only vehicle you chance to meet is the long black waggon of some grimy charcoal-burner. To be sure, the primitive arrangement for floating down the wood is a sight that in itself is worth going far to see. In the bed of a dwindled stream, half the cast of a fly across, lies a long, narrow, snake-like raft, perhaps many hundred yards from end to end. Great stems of trees, sixty, seventy, or eighty feet in length, are secured from ten to twenty abreast in a succession of sinuous joints. Tree is knotted to tree, end-on, by rough ropes of twisted bark, passing through iron clamps driven firmly into the timber. The stream is dammed at intervals above and below; then, when all is in readiness, the upper locks are opened and the raft advances on a stage of its downward journey, with the sudden flush of a minimum of water power. Fishing there is, and fair fishing too, although the trout are small; and we should fancy their spawning places must be disturbed and their numbers thinned periodically by these unwieldy trunks which go ploughing up the bottom and undermining the banks. On the whole, the visitor to Wildbad, if he has the knack of amusing himself easily, may get on tolerably well; but there, at least as much as most places, he is sadly dependent on the weather. There is a very scanty provision of artificial cover where he can indulge in a promenade in defiance of the elements; and the forests, which are always sufficiently sombre, must more than neutralize the virtues of the warm springs, when they are dripping with wet from above and steaming with vapour from below.

THE CAXTON EXHIBITION.

II.

IT has often been observed that a complete history of the art of wood-engraving would solve the problems connected with that of the invention of printing. The one history, however, is obviously as impossible as the other. Controversy, which two centuries ago raged as to the priority of printing at this town or that, now rages with a tempered vehemence as to the true date of this or that woodcut. It may be worth while to state the particulars of some of these questions, and to illustrate them by examples in the Exhibition.

Gutenberg's claim to have first printed with movable types has been called in question by the people of Haarlem—citizens, it will be allowed, of no mean city in the world of literature. We are told by Guicciardini, writing in 1567, that "the Haarlemers assert that the art of printing was invented in their town, and brought—after the death of the inventor, who left the art unfinished—to Mentz by a servant, who was received there with open arms." A pedigree, drawn up about twenty years before, had assigned the honour of the discovery to Lourens Janszoon Coster; and Junius, writing at the close of the sixteenth century, a few years after Guicciardini, gave the fullest particulars. Coster, during a walk in a wood, thought of the art of printing from wooden blocks, went home, and straightway printed a book; further invented metal type; and finally, within a year, was robbed of his invention by his servant John, known to history and romance as John Faustus, or Fust; all these momentous events taking place in a single year—1441. The story subsequently grew and gathered strength. Coster's original calling was variously stated to have been that of an innkeeper, a chandler, a sheriff, and a sexton. The most minute particulars of his birth, parentage, and education were detailed. A round dozen of medals, all exhibited here by Mr. Blades, were struck in his honour; and at last, in 1856, the grateful Haarlemers raised his statue in the wood where his discovery was made. Unfortunately for the town, there was a certain Dr. van der Linde, who had doubts, residing at Haarlem. He inquired with great temerity how it was that the story should not be contemporary, how it was that Lourens Coster died, according to unquestionable documentary evidence, five years before 1441, and how it was that the books supposed to have been printed by him had the appearance of being not earlier than Gutenberg, but later. In short, Dr. van der Linde upset the popular idol of his fellow-citizens, and, we believe, has in consequence been obliged to leave Holland. Apart from the discrepancies in the story itself, the date was fatal to it. Claimants always find facts more easily

manipulated than dates. If Coster was the first block printer, he must have printed long before 1441. If he was the first printer from movable types, he must have printed at least ten years later. So the "Haarlem legend" holds its ground only in Haarlem, and the priority of Gutenberg rests, so far, on a solid base. Much that is untrue has no doubt been told about him also. There is a Mentz as well as a Haarlem legend; but there is a residue of facts and consistent dates when everything else has been strained off which points clearly to Gutenberg. Among the books exhibited is a little quarto tract which belongs to Mr. Fuller Russell; it is the only copy now known to exist of a "*Speculum Sacerdotum*," which was probably printed by Gutenberg, and which is interesting on another account. A duplicate copy was formerly in the Library at Mentz; it has disappeared of late years, but an inscription it contained had been copied, and it was to the effect that the book was given to a monastery by "Johannes de Bono Monte." In 1515 Trithemius speaks of Gutenberg positively as the inventor of printing in the year 1450, and this date tallies well with a manuscript note in a copy of the famous "*Mazarine Bible*" in the National Library at Paris. The Bible must have been a long time in hand. Other books may, and must, have been printed before it; so, if Gutenberg invented the art in 1450, the note in question, though added six years later, is not too late. It mentions that Henry Cramer finished the rubrication of the book in August 1456. Of this Mentz Bible the Exhibition has a very fine copy, lent by Earl Spencer. It is, of course, a book of the utmost rarity; there are seven copies on vellum, of which one is in the British Museum, and nineteen on paper, of which this is one. Mr. Perkins had one of each kind, and they fetched at his famous sale in 1873, the vellum copy 3,400*l.*, and the paper 2,690*l.* The former was in the Library of Mentz, and was sold to an English dealer about fifty years ago. Of other specimens of Gutenberg's typography, the beautiful Psalter of 1547, the first book printed with a date, is exhibited by Her Majesty; it was printed after Gutenberg left the firm he had originated by his partners Fust and Schæffer; and Lord Spencer sends also the second Bible, dated 1462, a beautiful copy on vellum, illuminated like a manuscript by an Italian hand.

Another great controversy is still far from being settled. In every history of printing, as we have said, much turns upon the antiquity of wood-engraving. There can be little doubt that stencil plates, or something like them, were used for making playing cards as early as the fourteenth century, if not before it. Wooden blocks for the same purpose soon followed, and next came religious pictures and school books. The question is whether these religious pictures and school books were produced before ordinary printing was invented. The Exhibition contains some remarkable specimens of block books, in which, under the name of *Biblia pauperum*, illiterate people were taught the significance of scriptural histories and the connexion of the Old and New Testaments. Under the pictures words were cut, not in separate letters, but as if the picture and its explication were part of a single composition, like a stained glass window, which, indeed, many of the pages of these books closely resemble in design. Some of these books were produced long after printing was in full use, far into the sixteenth century; and the question is whether any of them are older than Gutenberg's invention. Its solution greatly depends on style—an impossible thing to define in words, and one on which even experts notoriously differ. But the whole matter is brought to a point by a large coloured woodcut which occupies a prominent position in the present Exhibition. This is the famous St. Christopher, pasted within the binding of a manuscript among Lord Spencer's books. It is in a large, bold, and effective style, by no means so archaic as that of some of the block books near it, and below is a prayer in two lines ending with the date 1423. Of this print the Catalogue says, "the celebrated St. Christopher in the Althorp Library proves that images of the Saints from wooden blocks appeared at least as early as 1423." Unfortunately, however, it "proves" nothing of the kind. Could we concede the proof, it would be necessary to admit considerably more than this; for a still earlier date occurs on an "Annunciation" in the Royal Library at Brussels, which, if the figures were unquestionable, would appear to be fifteen years older. There is some doubt, however, as to their authenticity; but there is none as to the reading of 1423 under the St. Christopher. Visitors to the Exhibition may judge of it for themselves, and may further judge from the style of the art in the picture whether it is older than the block books beside it, or whether, as we believe nine out of ten will decide, it does not betray a facility in art which would make it full fifty years younger than the date which it bears. The 1423 may just as well be taken to refer to an *obit* or some similar commemoration, and to have nothing to do with the year in which the block itself was cut. This is a question which cannot be fully debated here, and we have only endeavoured to state the case fairly as showing how interesting the Exhibition will be found to all students of the history of what is now for millions of civilized people the most familiar form of popular art. The great collection of woodcuts lent by M. Caspari enables the student who pursues the subject to form a definite opinion. The woodcuts are hung rather too high for easy inspection, but are well worth a little trouble, supplemented as they are by fine modern specimens from our best living engravers. They begin with the early block-prints of the German press, some dated in 1470 and the following years. Next comes an exceedingly fine series of the works of Wohlgemuth, Dürer, and their school, followed by Holbeins, Ammans, Mantegnas, the exquisite borders

of the early French press, the Bible cuts of "le Petit Bernard," and even some of M. Gustave Doré's illustrations engraved by Pannemaker. An English series, also lent by M. Caspari, will be examined with especial interest, and here it will be observed that, while the French school has degenerated from the great days of Tory and Renville, the English school, so poor then, is now coming well to the front, following worthily in the track of its first great native wood-engraver, Thomas Bewick.

A third controversy must be wholly fought out on English ground. We have seen that the priority of Gutenberg's press has been called in question by believers in a mythical Haarlem printer, and have also briefly surveyed the difficulties suggested by the date on Lord Spencer's "St. Christopher." The third question is concerned with Caxton's claim to be considered—first, as the earliest English printer; and, secondly, as the earliest French printer. If he did not print his *Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers* at Westminster before any one else had printed a book in England, then is the present Exhibition vain. But in 1664 an attempt was made to deprive Caxton of this priority by Richard Atkyns, who endeavoured to show that Corsellis, a kind of English Coster, was our "prototypographer." A copy of the tract is in the Exhibition in which he asserted that a record had been discovered in Lambeth Library which made King Henry VI. to have advanced twelve hundred marks and the Archbishop three hundred to induce a pupil of Gutenberg at Haarlem to come to England; that Corsellis came and was sent under guard to Oxford; that the Oxford press was the third in Europe, coming next to Mentz and Haarlem, and that these books were printed at least as early as 1468. We have already noticed the two copies of St. Jerome on the Creed which are in the Exhibition. Upon the false date of this book Atkyns's whole story rested, for the Lambeth document was never openly produced, and must have existed solely in the imagination. The object of this attempt was, no doubt, to assert the right of the King and his delegates, the Stationers' Company, to control the English press; and that Atkyns's story should have been received with favour is one of the most curious side-lights which may be thrown on the reign of Charles II. It is not many years since the question was seriously taken up by an English bibliographer, but it must be recorded to his honour that he subsequently repented and suppressed a little volume he had published on the subject. Caxton's claim stands now without question. His first English book is the *Recuyell of the Histories of Troye*, probably printed at Bruges in, or shortly after, 1474, the date of its translation from the French. He also printed at Bruges, in 1476, the original French version of the book; and this fact, which is hardly disputed, though some authorities think the work may have been done by Colard Mansion, his teacher, gives Caxton the double honour of being not only the first English, but also the first French, printer, for the *Recueil* is the earliest book in the French language. It need hardly be said that French bibliographers wholly ignore the claim, which is not, we believe, to be found stated in a single work on the history of printing published in France. Unfortunately, we have but too many examples of the bias of patriotism on more serious matters. Caxton's first dated book was printed in England in 1477; this is the *Dictes and Sayings* already mentioned. He only once used a title-page, if indeed he, and not his successor, printed the *Chastysing of Goddes Chyldern* in 1491. No fewer than four copies are in the Exhibition. His well known "device," formed apparently of the Arabic numerals 4 and 7 with his initials, was first used in a book which he did not print himself—namely, the first edition of the Salisbury Missal, which was printed for him in Paris in 1487, and which he marked and published in England, thus making himself our earliest publisher in the modern sense of the word. The unique copy of this book is lent by Mr. Legh.

INDEXING THE STATUTE LAW.

THE rapid and unceasing increase of the statute law renders it impossible for even the most competent lawyer to keep pace with its development. In fact, taking success as a fair test of competency, the larger a man's practice is the less time he has to devote to the study of the monthly instalments of new Acts furnished by the Law Reports. And so, whenever an opinion has to be written, it is not sufficient to find decided cases which are exactly in point, and have not been overruled; the statute books of subsequent years must also be diligently searched, lest perchance some obscure enactment should lurk therein which alters the condition of affairs, and renders the prior authorities worthless and misleading. Few things are more wearisome or more dangerously conducive to hasty incompleteness than this sort of precautionary quest for what one neither wishes nor expects to find. The natural remedy for the peculiar form of this grievance lies in the compilation of an absolutely complete and trustworthy index of the statute law; and we are glad to know that steps are being taken to produce one which will at the same time obviate the necessity for the extended search we have referred to, and provide a security against omissions which no search can give. A copious index, chronological and alphabetical, is already in existence, appended to the *Revised Edition of the Statutes*, last published in 1874; but its system and arrangement are far from satisfactory, and the Statute Law Revision Committee have determined on replacing it by another. The plan adopted in the construction of the new one is as follows. Different headings, comprising all

the leading subjects which have received the attention of the Legislature, are to be apportioned to competent draftsmen, for whose guidance the Parliamentary counsel, Sir Henry Thring, has issued a pamphlet or code of instructions pointing out the rules and method to be followed in drawing up the index. Each copy of this pamphlet is accompanied by two specimen indices, one, embracing the title "Coroner," drawn by Mr. C. S. Maine, the other "Public Health," by Mr. G. A. R. Fitzgerald. These, as stated by Sir Henry, "are not to be followed servilely, but are merely sent as illustrations of the instructions." The two subjects are well selected as affording typical models. Violent and suspicious deaths were probably even more frequent in earlier stages of civilization than now, despite the laudable efforts of railway Companies to keep up the average; and so around the office of coroner has accumulated a mass of statutes extending from the time of Edward I. down to the year 1875. The natural deaths of the subjects of the realm, on the other hand, did not attract the notice of the Legislature until a comparatively late date, and the whole system of public hygiene is of recent growth. By 1875, however, the Acts relating thereto had arrived at such a hopeless state of complication and confusion that a consolidating and repealing Act was passed, which embodied all former effective provisions in three hundred and forty-three sections, supplemented by numerous schedules. Thus Mr. Maine has to deal with a number of Acts of moderate length; Mr. Fitzgerald has five only, one of which, however, is of gigantic dimensions; and, as a consequence of the gradual consolidation of the law, most of the other enactments will be found to present one or other of these distinctive characteristics. Some fifteen other headings have, we understand, been assigned to a number of draftsmen, who will probably accomplish their portion of the task this year, and it is hoped that the entire index may be completed by the end of 1878. But, before entering more fully into the merits of the sample indices, it may be well briefly to examine the system propounded by Sir Henry Thring, of which they are the first fruits.

Sir Henry's pamphlet begins by an analysis of the common alphabetical index as found at the end of an ordinary book. It is to be presumed that Sir Henry has in his mind a legal or scientific book, for it is seldom that a work of any other class can boast of an index so systematic or elaborate as that which he has sketched out—divided into effective and cross-titles, the former being such as really refer the reader to some portion of the book where he will find the required information, the latter serving merely to inform him of the title under which he ought originally to have looked, it being, as Sir Henry remarks, "impossible to select the effective titles in such a manner as to suit the varying ideas of inquirers as to the catchword which most aptly includes a large group of references." To take an example from one of the specimens, "Public Health" is the effective title, "Health, Public," "Local Board," "Local Government," &c., are the cross-titles. It may be annoying to the seeker after information who turns to "Health, Public" to find only "see Public Health"; but it is manifestly unreasonable to expect the same references to be repeated an indefinite number of times under successive headings, and so long as the effective title is fairly chosen, and the cross-titles sufficiently numerous, there is no ground for complaint. The effective title, when discovered, will be found to consist of sub-headings or subdivisions more or less numerous according to the importance and nature of the subject, while under these sub-headings are arranged the actual references to the body of the work. Sir Henry has not diverged from this general principle in his plan for an index to the statute law, but in its application to such an index he justly remarks that there are several points to be borne in mind:—first, that the proposed index is not an index to a book, but to a collection of books; and, secondly, that "the volumes of the statute law do not form separate books to be indexed, but contain, as it were, a number of books or statutes which require in a greater or less degree to be separately indexed. The effective titles, then, of an index to the statute law may be considered each as a separate index to a separate book, the subject-matter of the book being the statute, or series of statutes, containing the enactments relating to the subject-matter covered by the effective title." The further difficulties in the way of indexing under an effective title the subject-matter of a variety of statutes he states to be (1) the arrangement of the subject-matter, and, consequently, the determination of the meaning of the statutes to be indexed; and (2) finding referential expressions appropriate to the matter so arranged. The arrangement of the subject-matter is, no doubt, a task sometimes requiring considerable discrimination, though in an index of this nature, which is simply indicative, it is not easy to see how knotty points of interpretation should arise; while, as to the other difficulty, that of finding appropriate referential expressions, we should have imagined that where, as in the majority of cases, the reference is to a single section, considerable assistance might be derived from the side-note to that section in the statute book, which, though not authoritative, generally supplies a fairly concise epitome of its substance. But Sir Henry seems determined studiously to refrain from building on another man's foundation, as witness his injunction to his draftsmen, to avoid consulting existing indices before beginning their work, except for the purpose of collecting materials, on the ground that such indices are more likely to mislead than to assist in their arrangement of the subject-matter.

After stating that the general scheme of an index to the statute book is to group under comparatively few effective titles

the whole of the statute law, and to refer by cross-titles to the subdivisions of that statute law as found under the proper effective titles, Sir Henry proceeds to furnish his assistants with certain directions necessary to the attainment of uniformity, if not efficiency, in their work. These directions indicate a carefully elaborated plan, and a keen appreciation of what will render the index most serviceable to those for whose use it is designed. Thus concession is to be made to the weakness, induced by long habit, of associating certain provisions with headings under which they do not logically fall, while the more logical mind is to be consulted by a judicious arrangement of cross-titles, which are not to be confined to mere synonyms of effective titles, but may, by reference to a distinct sub-heading, practically raise it to the dignity of an effective title. Again, Sir Henry enjoins his draftsmen, that "where the law can be more concisely and clearly explained by being partially distributed under two or more titles, such distribution should take place, and *vice versa*. The end to be borne in mind is what course will render most aid to an inquirer in search after a particular enactment." The most valuable portion of the pamphlet, which will, if followed out, impart a characteristic feature to the index, consists of directions for a gradual boiling down or sorting of the statutes on any subject until their provisions can be neatly arranged under their appropriate sub-headings. Temporary provisions, repeals, and savings, where still in force, are to be picked out and classed by themselves under a fitting sub-heading. So also with the local, exceptional, and special provisions, which occur in almost every legal subject-matter; while a sort of awkward squad, headed "Miscellaneous," may be constituted of such refractory provisions as are not fit to be ranked with their more regular comrades. As Sir Henry says, "A fit notice of such provisions is extremely important, inasmuch as from their very nature they form a class of enactments which it is very difficult for the inquirer to find out without a special reference, as he is at a loss where to look for them." For instance, under the title "Coroner," sub-heading "Local and Special," we find a recent Act relating to "Langbaugh, Wapentake of," a mysterious enactment, to which anybody might be puzzled to find his way unassisted.

The ground having been thus cleared, Sir Henry directs the division of the main body of the enactments into two general classes—(1) enactments declaring the law, (2) enactments providing for the administration of the law, the former to have the precedence in position. Each of these main divisions is then to be subdivided into "ordinary" and "supplemental provisions," the former being such "as are in all cases required to carry into effect the material objects of the Act"; the latter such as "are framed with a view to supply vacancies in offices, defects in procedure, or to declare in detail the mode of carrying into effect legislative Acts, the principles of which have been previously laid down." As might be expected, these supplemental provisions occur more generally in the administrative than in the declaratory group of enactments. An apt illustration is drawn from the construction of the Bankruptcy Act of 1869, where supplemental provisions are inserted indicating the course to be pursued in every conceivable case of variation from the usual sequence of legal action. Here, again, the ordinary provisions are to precede the supplemental; but they are not to be arranged in separate parts, Sir Henry being of opinion that "it will be better in an index that the supplemental provisions applicable to a particular matter should immediately follow the ordinary provisions relating to the same matter." Nothing now remains but to arrange the matter so sorted under headings and sub-headings, and here a large latitude is permitted to the individual genius of the index-maker, Sir Henry confining himself to a few general directions, distinguishing between simple and complex enactments, advising that the headings should be few and very comprehensive, and that the references should be arranged in the natural order of sequence where such order is apparent, and in other cases according to the order of time or of importance, and so forth. The pamphlet also contains a summary of the rules above laid down, and an appendix containing further rules, which for some reason or other have not been embodied in the instructions, some of them being apparently of primary importance—as, for instance, that "a cross reference should be intelligible by itself," or that "a cross title, unless it refers to the whole of the effective title, must specify the heading or sub-heading of the effective title to which the reference is made."

Codification being now the acknowledged goal for legal effort, every legal writer is anxious to have it understood that he is helping on the great work, and Sir Henry Thring is no exception to the rule. He says, in a note to p. 4, "To group the index under proper effective titles would in effect be to distribute the statute law into the complete form of a code"; and again, at p. 11, "The preparation of an index, such as has been suggested in the above instructions, is the preparation of a detailed plan for a code. Each effective title is, in effect, a plan for the codification of the legal subject-matter grouped under that title; and the whole index, if completed, would be a summary of a code arranged in alphabetical order." But we must say we think Sir Henry exalts his office a little unduly. As the *Law Journal* lately remarked, the expressions above quoted could only apply to an analytical index; whereas, without in any way wishing to disparage its importance or merits, the proposed index is, on Sir Henry's own showing, purely indicatory. It has been said that a man may be a good lawyer in one of two ways—he may either know the law on any given point, or he may know where to find it. Lord

Malmesbury, when at the head of the Foreign Office, stated that a knowledge of reference was quite enough for diplomatists; but it is obvious that the value of this knowledge would depend on the works in question being at hand. Sir Henry's index is open to the same remark. Suppose some one of abnormal powers of memory to have got the whole of it by heart, he would unquestionably be entitled to the reputation of a good lawyer in regard to the second of the above qualifications, but he would be merely a walking index, nothing more, and, if separated from his statute books, unable to answer the simplest legal question. Moreover, a code compiled exclusively from the statute law would be an incomplete absurdity. The greater part of English law is absolutely independent of statute, being compounded of custom, common and judge-made law, and no system of codification would be of the slightest use which did not either embody or supersede the *lex non scripta*.

Sir Henry Thring's projected index will, therefore, be neither a code nor a summary of a code, nor even a digest of the statute law, but a remarkably good index in the proper sense of the term, which will be of the greatest possible value to the legal profession and all who have to deal with statute law. To appreciate the benefits to be derived from it we have only to revert to the specimens before referred to, and contrast them with the corresponding titles in the *Index to the Revised Edition of the Statutes*, which is at present the recognized authority. It is perhaps scarcely fair to institute a comparison between Mr. Fitzgerald's work and the prior index to the same subject, since the consolidation we mentioned has immensely facilitated the task of indexing the statutes relating to public health; but Mr. Maine's index to "Coroners" brings out very strongly the advantages in point of clearness, arrangement, and conciseness attainable by a strict adherence of the rules laid down in the instructions. The old index contains no sub-headings, and is simply a series of references without arrangement, logical or alphabetical, whereas the new one is rightly divided into declaratory and administrative enactments (though, from the nature of the subject, the distinction between these is not so marked as it would be in some cases), with a due allowance of headings, a local and special class at the end, and a page of cross-titles to be inserted in their proper places in the completed index. If one puts oneself in the position of a person seeking some special information with regard to a coroner, and referring successively to one and the other of the two indices, the superiority of the new is immediately apparent by the far greater ease and rapidity with which the required references can be found. If all the other headings be as carefully done as the specimens, the forthcoming index should be a real work of art, systematic in design and complete in execution. Not the least of its advantages will be that its arrangement and construction will render it peculiarly susceptible of those amendments and additions which each successive year's legislation must necessitate. Its circulation will be unavoidably limited, unless it can be published at a very moderate price, since few persons care to go to a large expense in purchasing a book of which they know they will have to get a new edition within a twelvemonth, or else go through the tedious operation of noting up. We are informed that the index will be authoritative, but are not very clear as to what the expression involves. It would surely not be a good answer to the quotation of a section directly in point in a case and unrepealed were the opposing counsel merely to show that such a section was not to be found in a certain index, however authoritative.

THE OPERA SEASON.

Mlle. GERSTER'S latest performances at Her Majesty's Theatre have shown how unusually high a position as an operatic singer she is likely to hold. Mlle. Gerster possesses a voice the flexibility and sweetness of which are wonderful; there is a true depth of feeling both in her singing and acting, and she seems always intent upon whatever part she is playing. There would appear to be some danger of Mlle. Gerster paying too great attention to certain feats of mere vocalization which a large part of the public is always ready to applaud with rapture. But it has been generally observed that a singer who has that rare gift, genius, which we are disposed to think is the case with Mlle. Gerster, learns readily to resist the temptation of courting applause at some sacrifice of the truest art. As Elvira in the melodious *Puritani* Mlle. Gerster was heard and seen to great advantage. The dramatic changes in the first act from anxiety to a delight expressed in a charmingly unconscious playfulness, and from that delight to a horror that grows into madness, were given with a simple force and truth that were singularly impressive. Mlle. Gerster's gesture and aspect as she sang "Qui la voce" in the second act were almost as fitting to the situation as her singing was exquisite, and her calling upon Arturo was charged with pathos. In part of the mad scenes the singer's action tended towards exaggeration; but the return to happiness in the last act was so conveyed that the spectator could not but be carried away with the delight expressed in the beautiful tones of Mlle. Gerster's voice. Signor Fancelli displayed no great perception in the use which he made of his fine voice as Arturo, and his effort at acting the part was painfully inadequate. Signor Rota's excellent method and dignified bearing gave interest to the part of Riccardo, and Signor Foli, who seems to have improved both as a singer and an actor, was

impressive as Giorgio. The duet, "Suoni la tromba," between Giorgio and Riccardo, was given with admirable spirit. The choruses might with advantage have been more correct, and the loudness of the orchestra was sometimes excessive. On the last night of the season Mlle. Gerster appeared as the Queen of Night, in the *Magic Flute*, and sang with extraordinary versatility and accuracy. Some of the staccato passages were especially beautiful, but the attention given to them had sometimes the effect of marring beauties of a higher order. There are not many opportunities for acting in the part of Astrifiamante, but in the delivery of "Gli angui d'inferno" Mlle. Gerster gave a hint of possessing unusual tragic power. The habit of demanding pieces of music a second time is, to our thinking, very objectionable; but it was certainly not surprising that Mlle. Gerster's hearers should have asked for a repetition of this air, which was given again with even added brilliancy and power. Signor del Puente appeared as Papageno with some success; and, by his performance in the closing scene, redeemed various faults which had previously been observed. Signor Foli's Sarastro was full of a dignity which approached grandeur; and the air "Qui sdego" was given as well as possible. Signor Carrion sang well and with good feeling as Tamino, and Mme. Marie Roze gave a good rendering of Pamina. In such an opera, produced at short notice, it was perhaps inevitable that there should be much to desire in the general effect.

Mme. Nilsson appeared for her benefit as Valentine in the *Huguenots*. Of the many admirable qualities to be found in this performance we spoke last year. These Mme. Nilsson has in no degree lost; but she might take a lesson from Mlle. Gerster in the matter of devotion to the part in which she is engaged. Mme. Nilsson is very possibly right in agreeing with Diderot that a great actress should never be entirely lost in her part; but she is, we think, wrong in giving practical proofs of her self-command. The sensibilities aroused by such admirable acting and singing as Mme. Nilsson's are rudely shocked when it is made evident that the singer, while outwardly expressing deep emotion with singular truth, is really intent upon some trivial matter. The opera was for the rest cast as before, except that Signor Foli appeared as Marcel in place of Herr Rokitsansky. Signor Foli has not the rare combination of softness and power of voice that belongs to Herr Rokitsansky, nor has he yet in this part equalled the finish and excellence of Herr Rokitsansky's vocal and dramatic performance; but there seems to be no reason why he should not do so.

In the course of the season at Covent Garden, Mr. Gye has produced, by way of novelties, *Santa Chiara*, Nicolai's *Merry Wives of Windsor*, and Herr Wagner's *Flying Dutchman*. The first of these operas was the only one absolutely new to a London audience; and, as we said not long ago, it would have been perhaps better for it to remain always unheard. As to the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, there seems nothing against its becoming what the announcements call "a favourite opera," if Mr. Gye chooses to produce it with an adequate cast. The *Flying Dutchman* has been twice given in London before this season; most lately at the Lyceum last year, in English, under the management of Mr. Carl Rosa. It is not altogether easy to see why its popularity this year should not have been greater. The first production of Herr Wagner's *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser* excited something like a storm of enthusiasm which seems after the fashion of other storms to have passed gently away. One might have naturally expected the *Flying Dutchman* to be more generally liked than either of the other operas, inasmuch as, while it has much of the dramatic power and grandeur of the composer, it has also several distinct tunes, and in it the vocal is not altogether subordinated to the instrumental music according to the composer's later method. These facts may possibly account for the *Flying Dutchman* failing to excite the enthusiasm of those who admire Herr Wagner's newer style; while the suggestions of that style in the opera may offend those who delight in the pure melody of the Italian school. However this may be, *Il Vascello Fantasma*, in spite of its excellent mounting and the fine performances of Mlle. Albani and M. Maurel, did not produce as much effect as might fairly have been expected. Some additions have been made to Mr. Gye's company this season. M. Capoul, who was to have appeared last year, has sung in *Fra Diavolo*, *Faust*, the *Huguenots*, and other operas, and has proved himself capable of something more than the light and graceful sentiment with which his name has generally been associated. Signor or Señor Gayarré, of whom great things were hoped, did not, as we have on several occasions pointed out, fulfil the promises held forth as to his powers. Signor Ordinas made a deservedly successful first appearance as Mephistopheles. Mlle. Synnerberg's first appearance as Siebel cannot be so highly spoken of. Among established members of the company, Mme. Patti has sung with her wonted brilliancy, and Mlle. Albani has improved, except in one important respect, which is the steadiness of her voice. Signor Cotogni and M. Maurel have given us several fine performances, but M. Maurel, owing to indisposition, has been heard too seldom. Signor Tagliacico's stage management, with the exception of one blunder in *Faust*, which we have before noted, has been good and effective. Signor Bevigiani's conducting has been, to our thinking, far better than that of Signor Vianesi, whose fussiness and want of control over his band, to say nothing of his habit of frequently taking times wrong, have on some occasions been annoying. Signor Vianesi must, however, be credited with having worked hard, and the same may be said of the choruses, from whom, under the circumstances, it would perhaps be cruel to expect great correctness. It is, however, surely high time that something should be done to improve

a system under which the resources of people who sing every night are overtaxed, and operas are of necessity hurried on to the stage with inadequate rehearsals.

At Her Majesty's Theatre Mr. Mapleson sustained a severe loss early in the season by the deplored illness of Mlle. Titiens, who with singular courage sang, in spite of suffering, up to the last possible moment. Mlle. Salla, who gave promise of becoming a valuable member of the company, appeared only a few times, as did also Mlle. Chiomi, from whose representations of Lucia and Marta we hoped much. Two new tenors, Signor Carrion and Signor Talbo, have appeared. The former singer's presence is unfortunate, but his voice is sweet, and used with good method. Neither Signor Talbo's voice nor his manner of using it has been attractive. Signor Tambarlik's reappearance was as desirable as Herr Wachtel's was the reverse. Mme. Nilsson, Mme. Trebelli, and M. Faure have sung admirably throughout the season. M. Faure has been heard in comparatively few parts, in consequence no doubt partly of the difficulty of mounting some of the operas with which his name is associated. Mr. Mapleson was probably wise in not producing the *Flying Dutchman*, in which M. Faure was to play the part of Vanderdecken, taken by M. Maurel at the other house. But it is difficult to see why M. Faure should not have resumed his performance, in the *Huguenots*, of Nevers, which it is not too much to say threw a new light on the part. Of the excellent performances of Herr Rokitsansky and Signor Foli we have spoken above. With every desire to make allowance for the difficulties with which the management has had to contend, we cannot but observe that the attempts at mounting and stage arrangement have been of a feeble kind. We may hope, however, to see these and certain defects in the management of the front of the house improved next season.

REVIEWS.

MORRIS'S AGE OF ANNE.*

ANOTHER "Epoch of Modern History," and this time one from the hand of an editor, who, as it appears, was likewise the original projector of the entire series. We hope that, as mail after mail carries "Epoch" after "Epoch" to the founder of the family at Melbourne, he may never receive any less interesting addition to it than the present. It is already a family something like Priam's, full of promise, but more easy to remember by number than by names. In any case, Mr. Morris is fairly entitled to the few prefatory words with which he opens his own little book, especially as, few though they are, they appear to us to contain a great deal of good sense. At the same time there is a passage in this preface which we confess we would rather see in the hands of teachers than in those of learners, who are less likely to interpret its meaning with the necessary grain of salt. "History," observes Mr. Morris—and we most cordially agree with him—"is not taught in schools that the excellent virtue of accuracy may be learnt. To teach this is the function of other lessons that occupy a much larger portion of the pupil's time. History should be taught for the sake of its human interest." Quite so; but while this should be always kept in view as the primary object of historical teaching, it is not the less necessary that the teacher should cultivate accuracy of statement as his own first duty, and steadily foster the habit in his pupils. In historical work of all kinds, accuracy is almost as much a matter of habit as of anything else; and there is hardly a study which can do more for the formation and strengthening of this habit than that of history. To take the most familiar of examples, it is preposterous to weary—one might really say to weaken—a poor boy's mind by making him learn a profusion of dates and demanding the production of any one of them at a moment's notice. But let him once learn to make light of the value of chronological accuracy, and reigns, dynasties, and epochs themselves will soon float through his mind in insoluble chaos. Mr. Morris, for instance, is, as he says, "very biographical, taking care to introduce formally all new characters of importance as they come upon the stage." This is just as it should be in a teacher who desires to be lively and impressive; and for the same reason, in explaining the growth of difficulties or the progress of movements, Mr. Morris goes a good deal backwards and forwards, so to speak, in his explanatory passages. The history of pauperism in England is summarized in a page or two, and very well summarized; and elsewhere Mr. Morris, as a clear teacher should, rapidly recalls the antecedents or hints at the results of changes or other occurrences noted by him. No method could be better for learners trained to follow with accuracy accurate statements; but it is obvious that this method presupposes, or must be supplemented by, other teaching and preparation which give the accuracy in question. Or, again, as to that terrible obstacle in the path of the teacher of history—the schoolboy's ignorance of the elements of historical geography. *The Age of Anne* is illustrated by several neat little maps, so simple that it will be a real pleasure to the less assiduous schoolboy to be set to reproduce them. But how if, in copying the map facing p. 134, he paints "Prussia" to the east of the Vistula in an appropriate colour, and—still following his

* *The Age of Anne*. By Edward E. Morris. "Epochs of Modern History" Series. London: Longmans & Co. 1877.

model—"W. Prussia" between Elbe and Oder in the same? Will he not require to be told that "W." which we suppose means "West," Prussia, is here used in Mr. Morris's, and not in the ordinary historical, sense? Such little matters show how necessary it will remain for the learner, even in this epoch of *Epochs*, to remember that the history class too has its laborious hours.

To enliven these, and, by arousing in the learner a real human interest in his study, to encourage him to look upon periods as something different from a number of isolated chapters of book-work, is the legitimate object of Mr. Morris's series; and, among the contributions to it which we have examined, none accomplishes the task more successfully than his own. This little book strikes us as equally good in writing and in arrangement. Its vivacity is incontestable, but never exceeds the bounds of good taste, unless it be in the heading of Chapter XX., which the author entitles "The Fragments that Remain"—a phrase which, being taken from Scripture, is doubtless intended to be facetious. Other familiar quotations introduced into the body of the book are more apposite, and very judiciously inserted; for the *mots* of history are invaluable aids to the teacher. Mr. Morris's own style is straightforward without being commonplace; and he enlivens his historical narrative by so many touches of vigorous characterization that the schoolboy who yawns over this *Age of Anne* deserves to be dismissed as a hopeless dunce, or made to copy half-a-dozen pages of the *Student's Hume* in order that he may learn what he has to be thankful for.

There was no lack of materials from which to compile a summary like that before us; but the task of selection was all the more difficult, and has been performed by Mr. Morris with remarkable judiciousness. He has very properly treated the War of the Spanish Succession as the main subject of his narrative; and has here of course largely availed himself of what is assuredly the best, as it was the earliest-written, part of Lord Stanhope's account of Queen Anne's reign. But, regarding the struggle in its true light as the legacy of William III.'s policy, he has devoted an introduction of relatively considerable, but by no means excessive, length to an exposition of what may be called the antecedents of the war, and the negotiations of the Partition Treaties. He has here, unless we mistake, made good use of C. von Noorden's *History of the Spanish Succession*, to which he pays a just tribute in the preface, though adding, "I fancy no man could read the book through." This, if we may be allowed the expression, is a bad look-out for the learned author, the second of whose volumes (beyond which we do not know that the publication has yet gone) only reaches the year 1706. Later contributions to the complicated diplomatic history of the period, such as the recently published first volume of the Correspondence of the Marquis d'Harcourt, could naturally not be consulted; but Mr. Morris has given all that is requisite for his purpose. He is fully justified in his complaint against Mr. Wyon's in some respects meritorious work that it neglects German historians; and he himself, in our opinion, shows true insight in declaring Ranke's "sketches of more value than the details of others." We wish that he had found space to follow this authority by at least modifying his description of Charles II. as "but the vassal, the paid servant of France." Brief phrases such as this, or as these others—that "the Revolution was the work of the Whigs," and that "because the war was opposed to Lewis, who was protecting the Stuarts, the Tories were but lukewarm in the prosecution of it"—are not altogether free from a tendency to mislead. If Charles II. was a vassal, he pursued a policy which accorded not only with what he deemed the interests of himself and his crown, but with such sentiments and principles as he possessed; and, if he was a servant, he was such not only for the "pay" he received. The Revolution of 1688 was not the work of the Whigs alone, any more than the Restoration had been that of the Royalists exclusively. Nor can tenderness for Louis XIV., even as the protector of the Stuarts, be supposed to have to any great extent actuated the Tories in their opposition to the policy of Godolphin and Marlborough. To the sketch of the character of George I. (to whose merits Mr. Morris is very fair, and who, indeed, appears in the margin first as "Good Elector," and afterwards as "Good King for England"), a word might perhaps have been added, indicating the very important influence this constitutional prince exercised upon the foreign policy of Great Britain.

With the views expressed on the chief features of the policy of personages with whom this narrative is more largely concerned we can only express our general concurrence. One of these is Louis XIV., of whose three acts of violence committed during the interval of peace following upon the Treaty of Nymwegen—the seizure of Strasburg, the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and the ravaging of the Palatinate—it is truly said that they were "all unjustifiable and all unnecessary," though to describe them as "three symptoms of madness" is a flight of rhetoric unlike Mr. Morris's usual manner. Marlborough's character he judges with discriminating temperateness, only permitting himself the playful quotation of a badly-spelt letter, which reminds one of Fielding's remark that, "if these sort of great personages can but conspire and contrive their noble schemes, there will never be wanting fit and able persons who can spell, to record their praises." But, trifling apart, we rejoice to find Mr. Morris holding the position that the war for which, as the inheritor of the policy of William III., Marlborough was pre-eminently responsible, was a just and necessary war, but that

as decidedly the war should have been ended earlier. Peace ought to have been made after the battle of Ramillies. The war would then have lasted four years instead of eleven, and much would have been saved. It

was the heartfelt mistrust of Lewis that made Marlborough, Eugene, and Heinsius, the Whig Ministers in England, and the Dutch statesmen, refuse to treat. But they could then have obtained the same terms that they secured afterwards, or better. From that time forward the allies were in the wrong, and at each negotiation, at the Hague, and at Gertrudenburg, they plunged more deeply into it. After the disaster at Villa Vicosa, all claim on Spain should have been surrendered. The Allies asked too much, and they were forced to take too little. For, that Bolingbroke and Oxford granted terms too easily, and mismanaged the negotiations, there is no manner of doubt.

These views appear to us not more clearly put than well founded; and it may be added that the failure of the abortive negotiations after Ramillies might have been followed by an even more abrupt change in the course of the struggle, had Louis succeeded in inducing Charles XII., then at the height of his success, to throw his sword into the balance. In the section of his book devoted to the struggle between Charles and Peter the Great, Mr. Morris has justly observed that at this point of the career of the former, "the destinies of Europe may be said to have been in his hand." Noorden has given much interesting information on these negotiations at the close of his second volume, and shown by what extraordinary concessions the Emperor Joseph I. followed up the judicious flatteries of Marlborough. And this historian also comes to the conclusion that already in 1707 the question might be asked "whether the princes and statesmen of the Alliance of the Hague, when in the autumn of 1706 they refused to accept a partition of the Spanish inheritance, had not had in their hands all that it was possible for them to obtain, and whether after that they had not already passed beyond the climax of their successes?"

In order to find place in his book for a sketch of the Northern struggle, which, though rather oddly included in a narrative entitled *The Age of Anne*, is certainly needed to make clear the general course of European politics, Mr. Morris has been obliged to treat domestic affairs in England with more brevity than can have been acceptable to himself. For, as his concluding chapters on the society and literature of the age show, he is by no means neglectful of those aspects of this period of English life with which a student of its public transactions should be familiar. It was in this part of his work that the late Lord Stanhope fell so surprisingly short of what might have been expected from an historian of his reading and intelligence. Considering the space at his command, Mr. Morris has very successfully performed this part of his task, and has nowhere more signally shown his power of condensing without obscurity than in his chapter headed "Economic and Social." The section on the "National Debt" is necessarily suggestive rather than didactic; and the following table, though it contains no news, was quite worth printing once more, and requires no remark, except that prefixed to it by Mr. Morris, that "the figures represent millions of pounds":—

Loans, or posterity's share.	
William's War, ending with Peace of Ryswick . . .	134
The Spanish Succession War	38
The wars in George II.'s reign, and including the whole of the Seven Years' War	86
War of American Independence	121
Great French or Napoleonic War	600

The policy which the greater part of this table, from one point of view, illustrates was undoubtedly begun after the Revolution and continued by the age of Anne; but it is not the less true that it is the policy which the nation would have gladly seen its Government pursue already in the reign of James I., and which was indicated by the Triple Alliance, rendered futile by Charles II. "This is not the place," as Mr. Morris remarks in this section, "to consider how far England was bound in honour to enter upon these wars, or whether the 'balance of power' was a delusion." Certain it is that the art of making war without money expired with Queen Elizabeth.

The chapter on literature with which this little volume concludes properly begins with a brief notice of the French literature of the age, followed by a suggestive sketch of the main phenomena of our own. We note in particular a remark which would be well worthy of development, that the close alliance between politics and literature observable at this period in English society coincided with the circumstance that politics now more than ever took the form of party politics. This was one of the reasons which so long kept a great proportion of the nation, belonging, as Mr. Morris elsewhere truly remarks, to no party, out of harmony with so much of the literature which for us possesses an historical attraction. The party spirit of the London world is indeed the most striking social phenomenon of the age, and might have been illustrated by a few additional touches. It is strange that we should possess no one masterpiece of literary biography fully bringing out this fact in its special reference to the literary life of the times. If the late Mr. Forster's *Life of Swift* could be continued by a fully competent hand from the point at which he left it, a picture might perhaps be presented of the society and literature of the Crisis, in which all its chief figures might find appropriate places. If another Thackeray were to imbue his imagination with the reminiscences which survive in so vast a variety of literary sources, another form of literature might perhaps give us what biography has hitherto failed to accomplish. In these days of Queen Anne houses and Queen Anne furniture it is difficult not to wish for a real Queen Anne book. Meanwhile, we are grateful to Mr. Morris for reminding our young students of history that to understand an epoch it is well to read its literature, and that the author who sang Blenheim is (though not on that account) as worthy of remembrance as the hero of that famous victory.

NICHOLS'S ROMAN FORUM.*

IT is not wonderful that the late diggings at Rome, especially in the Forum, should have led an English scholar to write something about them. Mr. Parker has indeed been putting out volume after volume for some time past; and we believe that we have throughout done fair justice to those volumes, their strength and their weakness. We have said, over and over again, that the amazing mass of absurdity which Mr. Parker has heaped up on his own really valuable discoveries has had the natural effect of causing those discoveries to be less thought of than they deserve. When a man piles up a theory of the Colosseum which is wholly founded on the most grotesque misunderstandings of the most obvious texts, it is hard to make scholars believe that some other theories from the same hand may really have something in them. Mr. Nichols's book now before us is a case in point. Mr. Parker and Mr. Nichols are the exact antipodes of one another. Mr. Parker does not understand the history, and he cannot construe the Latin; but he knows everything about the bricks. Mr. Nichols understands the history and can construe the Latin; but he has hardly given so much of his mind to the bricks as would have been good for him. The two inquirers working together, or, better still, some inquirer who should unite the qualifications of both in his own person, would do more for the antiquities of Rome than either of them can by himself. Mr. Nichols is clearly a sound scholar, and he writes in a grave and business-like and almost austere way. The mere garrulosity of Mr. Parker, to say nothing of his particular blunders, must naturally be offensive to him. Add to this that the buildings of the Forum are not Mr. Parker's strong point. Those who wish to be convinced that Mr. Parker has really done something for Rome should go with him to the *Porta Capena* or *Collina*, or to that noble fragment of early wall on the Aventine. Yet even in the Forum we think that Mr. Nichols hardly gives Mr. Parker his due. In the preface he pays a honourable tribute to Mr. Parker's collection of photographs, but to his book he refers only once and twice, and then slightly. The chief case is the building between the Arch of Titus and the Colosseum, which is commonly called the Temple of Venus and Rome, but whose right to that name Mr. Parker disputes. We have read what is said on both sides, and we really think that there is something to be said on both sides. We should not like to decide positively either way without hearing both arguments once more on the spot. Mr. Nichols's case reads very well, but the two apses back to back are, as Mr. Parker says, most unlike anything in temple architecture. The story about Hadrian and Apollodorus, which each quotes triumphantly as proving his own case, does, we are free to confess, puzzle us a little. The temple, Apollodorus said, should have been *μετέσπον*. Does that mean a lofty building or a building on a lofty site? The answer to this question is of some importance to the controversy. In this case Mr. Nichols does mention Mr. Parker. On two other disputed points he does not mention him at all. He makes no reference to Mr. Parker's astounding doctrine that the lofty wall close to the temple of Mars Ultor was built by Titus Tatius. Astounding the doctrine is, and we cannot say that we believe it; yet any one who has heard Mr. Parker hold forth about it will allow that he clothes it with more plausibility than could beforehand have been thought possible. To come back to the Forum Romanum, Mr. Parker has revived the doctrine, which had gone out of fashion, that the eight Ionic columns belong to the temple of Vespasian, and the three Corinthian columns near them to the temple of Saturn. Mr. Nichols defends the second view. The inscriptions, we think, as preserved by the Einsiedeln writer, decide the question in favour of Mr. Nichols. Mr. Parker too, as usual, damages his own case by a misinterpretation of a plain passage of Cicero made over and over again. Yet, setting aside the decisive witness of the inscriptions, Mr. Parker's *à priori* case is by no means a bad one. One thing has always struck us. If temples are supposed to have any analogy in their style to the deities to whom they are dedicated—and no one would transpose the Théseion and the temple of Niké Apteros—what right can either Saturn or Vespasian have to these graceful Corinthian columns?

It is really no small advantage on the side of Mr. Nichols's book that it is perfectly intelligible and easy to follow, whereas in the chaotic arrangement of Mr. Parker it is impossible to know where to find anything. The print and the marginal analysis also give it a great advantage. Mr. Nichols too, being a scholar, commonly prints his Greek and Latin right, and translates them right, a point which really is of some importance in studying the antiquities of Rome. But he too makes a slip now and then, as when, in p. 79, he tells the story of the dream of Severus, told by Herodian. Severus, while still a private man, dreamed that he saw Pertinax riding along the Sacred Way till he came to the beginning of the Forum, where his horse threw him. Herodian describes the Forum as the place where formerly, in the time of the Commonwealth, the people were wont to assemble (*ἐκεῖ κατὰ τὴν τῆς ἀγορᾶς ἀρχὴν ἐγένετο, ὥστε ἐπὶ τῆς δημοκρατίας πρότερον ὁ δῆμος συνίων ἐκκλησιαζέσθαι, φήθη τὸν ἵππον ἀπορρίψασθαι τὸν Περτινὰκα καὶ ῥίψαι*). Mr. Nichols oddly translates this:—"When he came to the beginning of the Forum, a public assembly was held, at which Pertinax was thrown from his seat." This really reads as if some words had dropped out of

Mr. Nichols's manuscript. And, though it is the very smallest matter, we cannot help mentioning that in the same page Mr. Nichols writes thus:—"Procopius, a writer of the sixth century, describes the temple of Janus as being a little past the Three Fates." Now, Mr. Nichols should not speak about "Procopius, a writer of the sixth century," any more than he should speak of "Tacitus, a writer of the second century." The formula implies a lack of familiar acquaintance with Procopius which we would not for a moment lay to the charge of Mr. Nichols. He doubtless puts the qualifying description for the benefit of readers who know less than himself. And it is quite possible that some people may wish to know about the Roman Forum who do not know in what century Procopius wrote. But this fact should, if possible, not be revealed, and it is possible by a little art to let the less learned reader know all that he ought to know without teaching him in this public manner. Even so slight a change as "Procopius, writing in the sixth century," would be better than "Procopius, a writer of the sixth century." It would be at most a reminder of something that had possibly been forgotten, and not a first statement of something that had never been heard of before. We mention the bit about Procopius because it at once brings us into a very old controversy of ours about the Temple of Janus and the Gate of Janus (*Saturday Review*, April 15, 1865). We really do not quite understand Mr. Nichols when he says.—

The language of Livy and Varro would lead to the supposition that the double doors, which were the index of peace and war, were the doors of a gateway; but it is clear, from what we read in Plutarch and Servius, and the more minute description of Procopius, that they were the doors of the temple. This fact goes some way towards disposing of the speculations of Niebuhr as to the reason for opening and closing the gates, which he connects with the relations between the Roman and Sabine inhabitants of the early city.

Whether we choose to call the gate a temple or the temple a gate is largely a question of words. The real point on which we insisted twelve years ago, and on which in case of need we should insist still, is that the gate was the primary thing, and that shutting the Gate of Janus was quite another business from shutting the gate, or rather the door, of the temple of the ordinary shape, say that of Jupiter Capitolinus, or any other. Surely the coins which Mr. Nichols speaks of, which represent a temple of Janus, unaccompanied by any arch or gateway, cannot refer to the Janus in the Forum, but to some of the temples in the stricter sense which were dedicated to the god, and which Mr. Burn shows to have been more than one or two. Mr. Burn treats the matter much more clearly than Mr. Parker, who, in translating the bit of Procopius, makes the Greek writer speak of "the figure of the Three Fates, or Parcae (sometimes called also Sybils)." The words of Procopius are *ὁλίγον ὑπερβάτι τὰ τρία φᾶτα* οὕτω γὰρ Ῥωμαῖοι τὰς μοῖρας νενομίκασι καλεῖν. Here is not a word about Parcae, still less about "Sybils." And we are sure that Procopius knew his own language too well to have written *Σύβλλα* for *Σύβλλα* in the weakest moment.

Mr. Nichols makes very good use of the sculptures in the Forum representing certain acts of Trajan, which throw great light on the buildings in the Forum. He makes out, we think, a good case for attributing to Trajan all the acts represented on those monuments. Some of them must be his, while all of them may be. The burning of the registers might refer to Hadrian, as has been commonly thought, but the provision for the children plainly belongs to Trajan. Moreover, as Mr. Nichols says, the burning of the registers by Hadrian was done in the forum of Trajan, while the acts on these sculptures are plainly done in the Forum Romanum. Mr. Nichols also presses the sculpture on the Arch of Constantine into the same service, and by these means he is able to produce some very probable views of the Forum as they stood in Constantine's time. Mr. Parker has something to say on the same subject, but he does not bring out the value of the sculptures so clearly as Mr. Nichols. He does not mention that the arch of Severus, as well as the destroyed arch of Tiberius, are both very clearly shown. It is not easy to reconcile Mr. Parker's several references to these sculptures of Constantine, but the thing comes out with perfect clearness in the hands of Mr. Nichols.

Another point which is well brought out by Mr. Nichols, but about which Mr. Parker is altogether unintelligible, is the equestrian statue of Domitian. Mr. Burn quoted and well commented on the poem of Statius, the first in its collection of *Silvae*, in which the position of this statue in the Forum is so clearly marked. But, he adds the strange remark that "no vestige even of the *Æterna Crepido* now remains, much less the horse or its imperial rider, which were probably melted down by the Goths and Vandals centuries ago." We know not why Mr. Burn should have indulged in this quite needless fling at Goths and Vandals, and Mr. Nichols's remark is much more to the purpose:—

It is unlikely that the gigantic statue of Domitian should have been allowed to occupy so prominent a position after his death, when his memory was generally execrated; and no subsequent mention of the statue is to be found. The ruined base now remaining may have served to support a succession of emperors. In the time of Herodian a colossal equestrian statue of bronze stood in the middle of the Forum, not improbably upon this pedestal, which was understood to be commemorative of a dream of Septimius Severus.

Now, amongst other things, these lines of Statius supply a good argument against Mr. Parker's notion, that the Corinthian Temple, commonly called that of Vespasian, is really that of Saturn. Statius, describing the equestrian statue of Domitian, says:—

At Interpassus hinc Julia tecta tuentur,
Illinc belligeri sublimis regia Pauli.
Terga pater blandoque videt Concordia vultu.

* *The Roman Forum: a Topographical Study*. By Francis Morgan Nichols, M.A., F.S.A. London: Longmans & Co. Rome: Spithöver. 1877.

Nothing can be plainer. The statue stood between the two great basilicas, Julia and Æmilia, while the Temple of Concord and the Temple of Domitian's own father looked on the back of the statue. That is to say, the Temple of Vespasian was the one which it is commonly held to be, not the Temple of Saturn, which looks another way. Mr. Parker has two somewhat dark references to this statue of Domitian. He mentions, in p. 19 of the volume on the Forum,

the basement or "podium," of a gigantic equestrian statue, commonly said to be that of Domitian, but more likely to be that of a horse of Constantine, which is given in the Regionary Catalogue as in Regio VIII.; that of Domitian is not there mentioned.

Mr. Nichols's explanation quite gets rid of this difficulty. Mr. Parker again writes, at p. 38:—

An equestrian statue of Julius Caesar stood in this forum; it was of bronze gilt, and the horse was a remarkable work of art, said to have been the work of the celebrated Greek sculptor Lysippus, and brought to Rome from Alexandria by Caesar. Statius sings the praises of this horse, and describes it as standing in the Forum of Caesar. Donatus considers it to have been the horse of Domitian that was intended.

This is not very clear anyhow, and the last sentence makes it altogether dark. Statius does not sing the praises of this horse, whether the lines about Lysippus are genuine or not. He says, in lines which Mr. Parker quotes with one or two of his curious improvements of the Latin, that the horse of Caesar in his Forum must yield to the horse of Domitian in the Forum as modern. We fancy that the pedestal of the statue has been brought to light since Mr. Burn wrote. Mr. Nichols makes an intelligent and scholarlike use of the discovery. What Mr. Parker thinks about it, it is hopeless to guess.

Altogether we are thankful to Mr. Nichols for his book. It is a good attempt to treat a part of the great subject of Roman topography with the help of that scholarlike treatment of the authorities without which nothing of any value can be made out. It would be a good thing if in other parts of Rome Mr. Parker and Mr. Nichols would work together, Mr. Parker measuring the bricks while Mr. Nichols looks up the passages in the Latin writers.

PALGRAVE'S SELECTIONS FROM HERRICK.*

IT is fortunate for those who love Herrick that this charming volume of selections should have come so quickly to deliver them from Mr. Grosart's edition of him. Of all the groups of volumes which that most prolific of editors has lately brought forth, his Herrick is the one which most tries the patience of the critic. Herrick being precisely that one of his poets about whose life there was the least to say, Mr. Grosart thought fit to give him 285 pages of what he called "Memorial Introduction"—pages which consisted in about equal shares of rignarole and reprint, rignarole of the editor's own, and reprint pages long of writings so little known as Milton's, and so inaccessible as recent shilling magazines. One of the few faults that we have to find with Mr. Palgrave is, indeed, that he speaks with too unmixed kindness of Mr. Grosart. To talk of his three volumes as "volumes which for the first time give Herrick a place among books not printed only, but edited," is really to mislead the public, and to encourage that too voracious antiquary, that haphazard enthusiast, in his evil ways. We have more than once paid a tribute to Mr. Grosart's industry and zeal; but we have all along lamented his shocking defects, alike as collater, biographer, and critic. Still he goes on as before, crowding his introductions with unnecessary matter, and packing his criticisms with absurd distinctions between Herrick's "realistic imaginativeness" and his "imaginative realism." We are sorry, therefore, that a writer of such fine taste and such acknowledged authority as Mr. Palgrave should have let slip the opportunity of speaking a word in season. Mr. Grosart might really have appreciated it from him, and the quality of his next three volumes might have shown a decided improvement.

But it is not with Mr. Grosart that we are now concerned, and we may gladly turn from him to the poet who in Mr. Palgrave's hands is not spoilt by any wholesale crotchet-mongering. This little volume, Messrs. Macmillan's latest addition to the "Golden Treasury" series, may be looked upon as, for practical purposes, an adequate edition of a writer who, neglected for a hundred and fifty years after his death, has been steadily growing in favour during the present century. No edition of Herrick was published between 1648 and 1810, in which year Dr. Nott, prompted by others of the new school of antiquaries, published his *Bristol Selection*. In 1823 came the Edinburgh edition of Lord Dundrennan, and between that date and our own time several more editions or selections have appeared, the best known being that which Mr. W. C. Hazlitt edited in 1869 for Mr. J. R. Smith. Herrick has in this way become one of the most widely known of our early writers of the second rank; that is to say, his name is familiar to every one, and some half-dozen of his lyrics are to be found in every collection of English poetry. School children learn "Fair daffodils," and every young amateur can sing "To Anthea." But this kind of familiarity is the hollowest thing in the world. Very few of those who repeat Herrick's stock pieces know either the date or the profession of the poet, the scope of his genius, the finished skill of his verse, or

even the name and nature of his volume. To all those who do not we commend Mr. Palgrave's selections from the "Hesperides" and the "Noble Numbers."

Herrick is both poetically and psychologically interesting. Poetically, while belonging in date to the epoch of Donne, Cowley, and Crashaw, he is, if not free from the conceits of their school, at least able to dispense with them, and to content himself with the most perfectly natural descriptions of the country and the country life. Psychologically, he raises the question of how it is possible for a man to be at once sensual and spiritual, open to religious impressions, and the slave of his own animal nature; at one moment revelling in the miscellaneous charms of Julia, Anthea, Dianeme, at another all attention to "the voice of fame and voice of heaven." His life, so far as we know it, is full of like inconsistencies. Born in London, of a younger branch of the old Leicestershire family of Herrick, Heyrick, or Eyrick (the last representative of which has lately died after beautifully rebuilding the family house of Beaumanoir, on the edge of Charnwood forest), young Robert Herrick, after probably passing some years at Westminster School, went to St. John's, Cambridge, where, although never a fellow, he stayed till 1620, his twenty-ninth year. No record of his University life remains except a curious series of letters to his uncle and guardian, who, in his anxiety to "add field to field," kept from his nephew even his own acknowledged portion of money. The next eleven years the poet spent in London—to little purpose, probably, except to that of frequenting

Those lyric feasts
Made at the Sun
The Dog, the Triple Tun,
Where we such clusters had
As made us nobly wild, not mad.

Sheer enjoyment of life, under Ben Jonson's direction, seems to have been Herrick's programme during these years in London—years to which, from the midst of the rustic tranquillity of his after life in Devonshire, he seems to have looked back with a kind of *nostalgia*. It is true that many of the poems in this volume are, in one form or another, the "praises of a country life"; no Englishman has dwelt with greater fondness on the *muscosi fontes et somno mollior herba*:—

The damask'd meadows and the pretty streams
Sweeten and make soft your dreams:
The purring springs, groves, birds, and well-weaved bowers,
With fields enamelled with flowers,
Present their shapes, while fantasy discloses
Millions of lilies mix'd with roses.

None have reproduced more cunningly the old-world pictures of the winter joys of the countryman:—

Ipse dies agitat festos, fuscusque per herbam
Ignis ubi in medio, et socii cratera coronant,
Te libans, Lenæe, vocant. . . .

Compare with this Herrick's "New Year's Gift, sent to Sir Simeon Steward":—

Then as ye sit about your embers,
Call not to mind those fled Decembers;
But think on these, that are t' appear,
As daughters to the instant year;
Sit crown'd with rose-buds, and carouse,
Till *Liber Pater* twirls the house
About your ears, and lay upon
The year, your cares, that's fled and gone:
And let the russet swains the plough
And harrow hang up resting now;
And to the bag-pipe all address,
Till sleep takes place of weariness.
And thus throughout, with Christmas plays,
Frolie the full twelve holy-days.

But when the political necessities of the time drove Herrick from his living of Dean Prior by Dartmoor, where he had remained for eighteen years, from 1639 to 1647, he welcomed the blow with almost boyish delight in the well-known verses "On his Return to London":—

From the dull confines of the drooping west,
To see the day spring from the pregnant east,
Ravish'd in spirit, I come, nay more, I fly
To thee, blest place of my nativity!
Thus, thus with hallow'd foot I touch the ground,
With thousand blessings by thy fortune crown'd.
O fruitful Genius! that bestowest here
An everlasting plenty year by year;
O place! O people! manners! framed to please
All nations, customs, kindreds, languages!
I am a free-born Roman; suffer then
That I amongst you live a citizen.
London my home is; though by hard fate sent
Into a long and irksome banishment;
Yet since call'd back, henceforward let me be,
O native country, repossess'd by thee!

One tangible result of the ejection from his living was the publication of the "Hesperides," which took place next year; an odd time for a cavalier poet and clergyman to choose for putting forth a volume of gay and happy verse! But this is only a part of the puzzle of Herrick's character. He felt, from time to time, the troubles of the age—

Everything
Puts on the semblance here of sorrowing;
Sick is the land to th' heart; and doth endure
More dangerous faintings by her desperate cure.

He cried out for the return of "the golden age" when Charles had reigned; he called himself a "weary pilgrim," and would at times

* *Chrysonela*: a Selection from the *Lyrical Poems of Robert Herrick*. Arranged with Notes by Francis Turner Palgrave, late Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. London: Macmillan & Co. 1877.

turn aside from the maying of Corinna to think of another world, to write gloomy epitaphs upon himself and others:—

Weep for the dead, for they have lost this light;
And weep for me, lost in an endless night.

But, so far as we can judge in the absence of any clue to the dates of his various poems, there never was a period when this "genial-hearted man," as Mr. Palgrave calls him, was ever really overcome either by the evil times he lived in or by the thought of another world. Nothing seems to have come amiss to him. He rejoiced in the fate which drove him from his living; but when times changed he accepted the consequences as a matter of course. We hear of him as reinstated at Dean Prior after the Restoration, and dying there at the ripe age of eighty-two, in October 1674.

Mr. Palgrave adds a few concise notes of explanation and criticism; but for this purpose his readers will be glad to see that he finds five pages sufficient. In one or two points the editor's touch is needlessly uncertain; for example, where Herrick writes

thy jocund beer
Is not reserved for Trebius here,

why does Mr. Palgrave say "Trebius may be the great man of the feast"? Not only the name Trebius, but the whole setting of the poem, is clearly a reminiscence of Juvenal's Fifth Satire. Again, the editor can only guess at what Herrick means by "male-incense." It is only his translation of *mascula tura*. The notes, however, are in the main adequate, and so is the introduction, in which we recognize a paper printed some months back in *Macmillan's Magazine*. To this Mr. Palgrave prefixes, in the form of a dedication to a young lady, a pretty plea for bringing forward such a volume at this grim moment, when "the gate of Europe, like that other seen in vision by Milton, is

With dreadful faces throng'd, and fiery arms."

Dulces ante omnia Musa, he says; poetry is the proper refuge from "reality, with its hard dissonances, its restless resolution." This suggests the question, is Herrick's verse true poetry, with "the gift of enduring charm, beauty that will not fade"? The introduction that follows contains Mr. Palgrave's answer, of which we may quote some of the essential passages:—

In the period here briefly sketched, what is Herrick's portion? His verse is eminent for sweet and gracious fluency; this is a real note of the "Elizabethan" poets. His subjects are frequently pastoral, with a classical tinge, more or less slight, infused; his language, though not free from exaggeration, is generally free from intellectual conceits and distortion, and is eminent throughout for a youthful *naïveté*. Such, also, are qualities of the latter sixteenth-century literature. But if these characteristics might lead us to call Herrick "the last of the Elizabethans," born out of due time, the differences between him and them are not less marked. Herrick's directness of speech is accompanied by an equally clear and simple presentment of his thought; we have, perhaps, no poet who writes more consistently and earnestly with his eye upon his subject. An allegorical or mystical treatment is alien from him: he handles awkwardly the few traditional fables which he introduces. He is also wholly free from Italianizing tendencies: his classicism even is that of an English student, — of a schoolboy, indeed, if he be compared with a Jonson or a Milton. Herrick's personal eulogies on his friends and others, further, witness to the extension of the field of poetry after Elizabeth's age; in which his enthusiastic geniality, his quick and easy transitions of subject, have also little precedent.

Again, Herrick's book shows little trace of imitation of his fellow-poets for a hundred years before, or of likeness to his contemporaries—Carew, Habington, Lovelace, &c. The dramatists, however, did affect him; though he ignores Shakespeare, he sometimes echoes Fletcher, and he owns his debt to Jonson, his master in art and contrivance. From the classical writers he borrowed the best of what they have to give, not merely "the Anacreontic tone which with singular felicity he has often taken":—

But, the power to describe men and things as the poet sees them with simple sincerity, insight, and grace: to paint scenes and imaginations as perfect organic wholes—carrying with it the gift to clothe each picture, as if by unerring instinct, in its metrical form, giving to each its own music; beginning without affectation, and rounding off without effort;—the power, in a word, to leave simplicity, sanity, and beauty as the last impressions lingering in our mind, these gifts are at once the true bequest of classicism, and the reason why (until modern effort equals them) the study of that Hellenic and Latin poetry in which these gifts are eminent above all other literatures yet created, must be essential. And it is success in precisely these excellences which is here claimed for Herrick. He is classical in the great and eternal sense of the phrase: and much more so, probably, than he was himself aware of.

Mr. Palgrave is undoubtedly right in claiming for Herrick these classical qualities of "simple sincerity, insight, and grace," and it is for his power, so rare in any age, of clothing in perfect form his "simple, sincere" impressions that he will be more and more recognized as a master. "Herrick, in a rare and special sense, is unique," says Mr. Palgrave, and indeed he is unique among English writers for that power of feeling and rendering his swift impressions, clear and complete as the cutting on a Greek gem or as the rays which fell from those French predecessors of his, the poets of "the Pleiad," Ronsard and Joachim du Bellay. Consistency, or a principle that is to rule the whole of life, is the very last thing that Herrick would claim as necessary; the day, nay, the hour or the moment, brings its gift to him, a vision of daffodils, of "the fired chestnuts" leaping in the embers, of "Julia's hair filled with dew"; or, in another mood, of himself beneath the sod, or of Dorcas and her charities, or of a child saying grace. Life has no problems for Herrick; the needs of body and soul are satisfied by patriarchalism, and the Bible story interpreted by simple methods. All is well if Sir Lewis Pemberton keeps open house and the poet lives "from aberrations free."

No poem of his could give at once a quainter and a truer picture of that simple, half-pagan mind than this, with which we may fairly conclude our notice of him. It is like many of the better of the *Muse gravioris*, a child poem; and it is headed "To his Saviour, a child; a Present, by a Child":—

Go, pretty child, and bear this flower
Unto thy little Saviour;
And tell him, by that bud now blown,
He is the Rose of Sharon known.
When thou hast said so, stick it there
Upon his bib or stomach;
And tell him, for good handsel too,
That thou hast brought a whistle new,
Made of a clean straight oaten reed,
To charm his cries at time of need;
Tell him, for coral, thou hast none,
But if thou hadst, he should have one;
But poor thou art, and known to be
Even as moneyless as he.
Lastly, if thou canst win a kiss
From those mellifluous lips of his;—
Then never take a second on,
To spoil the first impression.

CARITÀ.*

THE present novel is in some respects a favourable example of its author's powers. It is written with more care than it is always her humour to bestow, and with a freshness of interest which the sense of working in an unhackneyed field is calculated to excite. It has, moreover, one or more characters struck out from observation which may live in the reader's memory, and this is saying a great deal for a modern novel. But Mrs. Oliphant must not be surprised if the critic's first note is one of grave protest and blame. We hold her to have chosen for the motive and leading interest of her story a subject doubly indefensible in its own nature and in her mode of treatment. Disease and death may both be handled with so reckless an indifference to the effect likely to be produced on some possible, nay, probable, reader's mind, as to unfit the novel that plays with them as much for the "drawing-room table" and for careless perusal as do those topics usually implied in such an exclusion. For ourselves, we have not been able to follow the author in her strange theme without a running commentary, not on the story, but its inventor. The tale has in a secondary sense a moral that obtrudes itself between the thoughtful reader and the scene and situation he is engaged in. Here is one of the consequences of that hunger for sensational incidents which must possess the mind for ever engaged in the construction of plots. All subjects, all questions, all discussions, he perceives, may come to be regarded merely as so much available material, solely for the use that can be made of them as stimulants to an exhausted or jaded fancy. This is the reverse of the didactic impulse which first puts the pen into so many female hands—our authoress not being an exception—but which we see yields in time to the pressure of necessity where fiction is an engrossing pursuit; and it may be to the suggestions of envy at the unlimited range of subjects which French novelists think open to their analysis.

Throughout the first volume of *Carità* we see the author rejoicing in a discovery. She has found a topic upon which her fancy easily expatiates. Tragedy proper is not her line, nor does it come within her compass; but tragical subjects, at any rate, can receive a certain effective treatment by bold and novel handling. We cannot conceive that either of the points on which the interest turns has been once faced seriously on its own merits; neither the mystery of disease, nor what life is and what it leads to. But here is a new philosophy with a pretty name, taking quite a new view of the obligations of the Sixth Commandment, smothering an ugly word with a revolting reputation under a flowery garland. Euthanasia does not sound too grave; it can be turned to account; it can even be patronized. A practised and airy style sees its way, and trips lightly enough over solemn things to make them light reading. But, after all, this notion of putting a voluntary end to human suffering is too little congenial to our nature for its advocacy to stand first in our quarrel with the story. Euthanasia is a fanciful relief, but the trial from which it is proposed as the escape and refuge is a real one. Has it never occurred to our authoress that among her readers are likely, we might almost say are certain, to be some who, coming to her for alleviation and some moments of forgetfulness of their pain, must receive a stab at her hands? Does she know, what any doctor can tell her, how far from uncommon is the disease—and who can venture to assign pre-eminence in suffering to any particular disease?—for which she suggests this remedy? How the gentlest, the purest, the best may be tried by it; how, in the long leisure of illness, all the resources, not only of medicine, but of taste, fancy, and invention, must be resorted to to supply the relief of change. Does she not know, too, how subject to nervous fancies children and girls are, to whom, as a pure and safe writer, her books are open? A clever child is the keenest, most receptive of all novel-readers. It is not only bad books from which it should be guarded; but such as implant nervous susceptibilities and fancies about health. We cannot understand the thoughtlessness of the whole thing.

But to return from our grave digression. We are not sure that Mrs. Oliphant in her heart approves of the practice she appears to advocate; but artistically she seems to do so. She gives the right

* *Carità*. By Mrs. Oliphant. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

to destroy life, as soon as physical life becomes pain, the best of the argument, and represents it as one to which human nature responds. When a fatal disease declares itself, husband, nurse, and doctor are of one mind, that to put an end to it at the patient's entreaty for a "strong, sweet dose" is the natural thing to do; and this is before the worst sets in, at the mere prospect of suffering unrelieved by hope. We need not go into the religious instincts which contradict this view. The weight of weighty questions need not always lie on the novelist's mind. Every point on which thought can expatiate has its lighter aspect, and death may be surveyed from the gravedigger's point of view. It may be permissible then to evade the severer side; but to take the solemnities of a subject and trifle with them is another matter. The husband is treated as rather a poor fellow for shrinking from his principles when the time of action comes, which we may well call trifling. But we are not sure that the doctors, as the guardians of human life, have not the greatest ground of quarrel with an author who assumes so easily that they acquiesce in its being cut short at the will of the patient, and who do not scruple to throw the cloak of their connivance over the act when done to the extent of giving a false certificate.

The story opens with a well-drawn picture of a life of happy, careless ease. Mr. and Mrs. Beresford are people of the day and open to all its influences. He is clever and scientific. She is handsome and charming. The pair are an exact fit, and are all in all to one another. Even their one child is almost in the way, though not really so, as loving aunts are too glad to relieve them of the charge of it. Their "honeymooning" abroad is a yearly festival. Just rich enough to have no cares, but not so rich as to have wealth's responsibilities; and still young enough to regard death as a thing that does not concern either of them, they are more occupied by the modern craze of bric-à-brac and furniture than by so remote a liability. Upon this life falls the shadow of disease as a possibility, and, once apprehended, the wife takes her line, and commits her husband to justifying euthanasia in the abstract, the arguments being put by the author as though they were her own. The time comes when the wife calls upon him to act up to his opinions. "He felt the abstract justice of her plea." What could he say when she "appealed to him to release her from that anguish of waiting? But James Beresford was not brave; he was very kind and tender and good, but he had not courage to meet the darker emergencies of life." He could not say that it would be wicked or a sin; all he could say was that he had not the courage to do it. Was it himself he was thinking of alone; not her? Could he see her anguish and not dare to set her free? &c., &c. The law, which would have something to say on such a question, is not recognized on any side as a difficulty. We do not touch on that material point of the question; and the husband is really regarded with some contempt for shirking his share of the business and running away for a solitary stroll, on his return from which he finds his wife to have taken the matter into her own hands, and performed a sort of happy despatch with the laudanum given into her hands by her unconscious child.

A scene necessarily follows. The friendly doctor, who is under the persuasion that the husband has administered the dose, says, "I would have done it myself in your place. She never could endure the thought of pain. She asked you—it was natural—and you gave her opium." "Nothing; I dared not," replies the husband. "I had not the courage; I let her plead, but I had not the courage." "I don't blame her, poor soul, poor soul," says the doctor. "We must not let them say ill of her now she is gone. I'll say it was—yes, if it is a lie, I can't help that. My conscience will bear it—there must not be talk and an inquest." The nurse's conscience is in an equally accommodating state. "I'd have given her that dose myself if the darling had asked me; I would never have trembled; I'd have done it, stood up bold and told you I done it, and I don't blame her." With a great pretence of nature throughout, we suspect one touch there may be of real nature, possibly of fact, in this picture. It is when the pleasure-loving woman, awestruck for the moment by her act, wakes to disgust at the ill-taste of the quietus she has swallowed, and fretfully calls her child to bring something to take the nasty taste away.

But this opening part, though the true inspiration which set the author's fancy going, only gives the start, and has little to do with the story proper. The mother's act has no influence on the fortunes of her child, the nominal heroine. We do not know that there is much to be said about Carità and her lovers; the cleverness and interest of the book gather about the elder characters. Beresford, after the death of his wife, slips into a friendship with a next-door neighbour, Mrs. Meredith, who personates the character and temper which fit woman for friendship with man as distinguished from a more exclusive sentiment. She is really well done, and so engaging that it is a pity she should lie under what seems an undesigned cloud, the reader not knowing what to think of her estrangement from her husband in India. Perhaps it is intended that this universal friendliness is not an endearing conjugal quality. The accomplishment that makes this lady so dear to her friends is her power of sympathetic listening. We say accomplishment, for her painter is careful to show that thorough sincerity is not compatible with this universal popularity. "The tears" when she greets the forlorn little heroine "were in this sweet woman's eyes whom everybody loved. Perhaps she did not mean every word she said—who does? But there was a general truth of feeling in it that kept her right." Mrs. Meredith has only ordinary taste and only a fair share of cleverness; but she listens; and every afternoon crowds of her

friends collect in her drawing-room. . . . "Nothing could be more evident than that it was to see the lady of the house that these people came." Her way of receiving her guests is given:—

She had a different aspect for each. The present one, as Cara sat looking up, after an interval, was a man with whom Mrs. Meredith was standing in front of the furthest window. She was looking up in his face, with her eyes full of interest, not saying much; listening with her whole mind and power, every fold in her dress, every line of her hair and features, falling in with the sentiment of attention. Instead of talking, she assented with little nods of her head and soft acquiescent or remonstrative movements of her delicate hands, which were lightly clasped together. This was not at all her attitude with the ladies, whom she placed beside her, in one of the low chairs, with little caressing touches and smiles and low-voiced talk. How curious it was to watch them one by one! Cara felt a strong desire, too, to have something to tell; to go and make her confession, or say her say upon some matter interesting enough to call forth that sympathetic absorbed look—the soft touch upon her shoulder or half embrace.

Mrs. Meredith loses her husband, but Mr. Beresford does not marry her, partly because the blundering doctor (Mrs. Oliphant must have a spite against the profession), after volunteering to be an accomplice years before, comes to her, supposing her to be going to marry him, and tells her that Beresford poisoned his wife, and she ought to know it. Whether this is intended as a retraction of any seeming approval of euthanasia, we do not know. At any rate the author leaves us to suppose there would have been no great harm if he had, and that it would have been fastidious in this mistress of the art of sympathy to make it an objection.

SULLY'S PESSIMISM.*

MOST men in tolerable health and ordinary circumstances are found, whatever they profess, to act on the opinion that life is not only worth having, but worth taking some trouble to make the best of. It may at least be doubted whether a healthy man ever really believes that life is not worth having at all. Thus the question between optimism and pessimism, in the large and practical sense, is one of constitution, temper, and health for each questioner, and can be little affected by reasoning. The man who has the fortune to be born an optimist will not be persuaded into despairing of the world, and conversely this holds true of the pessimist; and the experience of the average healthy man is more conclusive than all the ingenious deductions by which philosophers may undertake to prove what his experience ought to be. For, as Mr. Sully points out in the book which furnishes us with the subject of these remarks, even if illusions enter into this experience, they are none the less part of it and have their full weight in determining its actual quality. We have all known times when we were elated or depressed without being able to account for it; and though a partial scientific account, still mostly conjectural, may now be given of the comparatively settled moods which form the background of our passing feelings, and a fuller one may probably be given hereafter, still, if no account whatever were attainable, the elation or depression would be not less real but, strictly speaking, more full and unrestrained, for intellectual attention has a calming effect on emotion of any kind. It is in a manner true, then, to say that the world is good in so far as it appears good to the unreflecting perception of an ordinary reasonable man; and Mr. Sully comes round, after criticism and exposition are done, to the commonsense view that the deepest root of the conflict between pessimism and optimism lies in a difference of temperament the physical conditions of which are yet unexplained. It by no means follows from this that no further discussion is profitable, though it does follow that it is of less practical importance than it looks. We may still ask how far the impression or *manière de voir* of the average man can be translated into a considered opinion; and this gives us a perfectly scientific and, if one may so speak, objective question which may be expressed in one of these forms—Is happiness attained or attainable by men? Is the ideal of life realized or capable of being so? This question has been so handled by Mr. Sully as to make his book an important contribution to ethical science. We are tempted to wish that the constructive part had been more distinctly put forward, and not, as it were, annexed to a criticism of Schopenhauer's and Hartmann's curious but unfruitful speculations. And, even as it stands, a more correct notion of the contents of the book would have been conveyed by calling it an *Essay on Happiness* or some such title. The present arrangement and title probably correspond, however, to the development of the subject in the writer's own mind, and as such we must accept them.

Two introductory chapters are given to the unreasoned optimism and pessimism of the poets, and to reasoned optimism and pessimism as they appear in philosophy before Schopenhauer. It might have been an improvement to develop this historical part more fully. The paradoxical optimism of the Stoics, arrived at by a way of regarding the common objects of men's desire which at first sight looks like pessimism, has hardly been surpassed by any later speculation in boldness and ingenuity, though it lacks the metaphysical subtlety of the Hindus and their most recent imitators to whom the parallel is so curiously close, that we cannot but regret that it did not enter into Mr. Sully's plan to dwell upon it. Schopenhauer's pessimism is simply a modernized Buddhism—shorn indeed, it would seem, of the noble and elevating aspects of Gautama's creed. The blind universal will

* *Pessimism: a History and a Criticism.* By James Sully, M.A. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1877.

which, in Schopenhauer's system, drives a miserable world into existence, whose activity is a perpetual "self-tormenting of the absolute," is essentially the same with the mysterious principle of action in the Buddhist cosmogony, the inexorable striving of which keeps up the chain of transmigration, broken only by those happy ones who follow the path of true knowledge. Not only the burden of life, but the release is the same; the way to Nirvāna (or rather, if Mr. Rhys Davids' interpretation be right, Nirvāna itself) is exactly the "denial of the will to live" prescribed by Schopenhauer. Both systems hold out the utter extinction of active desire as the only true deliverance from evil, and thus the only good worthy to be sought by man. Hartmann, again, has returned upon Schopenhauer's rebellion from Hegel, and rounded off his pessimism with a fuller and more fanciful metaphysical elaboration, so that his theory may almost be said to correspond to Brahmanism as Schopenhauer's does to Buddhism. The way to Nirvāna is with him not open to the individual; man must for the present live and work in the world, as the orthodox Hindu must do the duties of his caste, and look no further; and, by a refinement unknown to Brahmanism, the deliverance of mankind is put off till they shall all be wise enough to abandon life by an act of common consent. Most singular of all is the cosmogony which derives all existence from the marriage of active will and passive idea, the "embrace of the two super-existent principles," a shadowy bride and bridegroom wonderfully like the Purusha and Prakriti celebrated by the Sāṅkhya school long before European philosophy existed. The two Indo-Germanic teachers (to use an inaccurate word for once with an accurate meaning) are agreed, just as are Brahmins and Buddhists, in considering the whole finite universe and, above all things, conscious life, as one gigantic blunder, an escapade of the Absolute or immeasurable *lusus naturæ*. The general effect of Hartmann and Schopenhauer's doctrine, as set forth by Mr. Sully, is that of a metaphysical nightmare. Hartmann in particular, by a plentiful use of the doctrine of unconscious intelligence, produces a sort of anthropomorphic inversion of Mr. Darwin. The course of nature is transformed into one vast plot, the object of which is to keep the world in the bonds of existence, and which we are to suppose conducted with superhuman energy and cunning by a power resembling a designing mind in everything but consciousness. Most English readers will probably allow that Mr. Sully is not at all too hard on the Unconscious when he calls it a mythological figment; and it is at least more amusing than the Unknowable. A great part of these and other dialectic feats is made possible by the latitude of the term *Vorstellung*, which covers a more various field than even the English *idea* in the language of the eighteenth century. It is enough to make one doubt whether German is, after all, the chosen speech of philosophy. Some interest may be found in comparing Mr. Sully's criticisms with the more summary review put forth by M. Paul Janet, a writer belonging to a very different school of thought, in a recent number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. As against this latest flight of German speculative fancy these differences fall into the background, and it appears that a rational Frenchman and a rational Englishman have much the same kind of difficulties in accepting the philosophy of the Unconscious. We must say, however, that while we agree with Mr. Sully as to the baseless character of Schopenhauer's and Hartmann's fancies when they fasten complex mental attributes such as will and design on comparatively simple physical events, we think much more seriously than Mr. Sully seems disposed to do of the conception that no physical fact is without a mental or quasi-mental correlate; but we admit that neither this nor any other hypothesis about the relations of mind and matter is actually demonstrable.

From the criticism of systems which will hardly find champions in England we are led on by Mr. Sully to consider how far it is possible, apart from assumptions transcending experience, to form a rational estimate of the value of life. Here comes in the service to moral philosophy which seems to us the chief point of the book. The vagueness of the term "happiness" and of the conception answering to it has long been a stumbling-block in utilitarian ethics; and the inadequacy of a mere sum of pleasures, however the notion of pleasure be refined and extended, to furnish the aim of man's life, is a standing topic of objection. Mr. Sully's analysis of happiness goes far to clear the ground in this quarter. He shows how much more is involved than the simple addition of pleasures; there is a complex combination, an organic form, the stability of which depends in great part on the direction of life by an enlightened will. The function of will in producing happiness is specially insisted on in opposition to Schopenhauer's dogma, that will is the root of all evil. We may say, perhaps, that, as the world of external phenomena consists, according to Mr. J. S. Mill's happy expression, not of bare sensations but of permanent possibilities of sensation, so happiness is less made up of actual pleasures than of permanent possibilities of pleasure. And the way in which a man looks upon the possibilities of life depends largely upon his own force of character, his own strength of judgment, and his own power of self-control. In insisting on this last topic as a counterweight, in case of need, to the external ills of life, Mr. Sully runs a little near to the paradoxical method of the Stoics, who, having divided the apparent sources of happiness and its contrary into *τὰ ἐφ' ἡμῶν* and *τὰ οὐκ ἐφ' ἡμῶν*, found it needful for the absolute self-sufficiency of their Wise Man to deny all reality to the latter. There was a fair portion of truth, however, at the bottom of their paradox; and Mr. Sully has done well to correct by an unmistakable example the not uncommon

error of half-informed persons who suppose that utilitarian morality takes account only of the external conditions of happiness, and aims at nothing higher than a coarse calculation of material advantage. After a careful inquiry dealing with many other points besides those we have singled out, the result arrived at is "that the idea of happiness as of something which a wise man carves out by his own voluntary exertion, and sets up as his ideal of life-good, must be taken as tending to a clear and considerable surplus of pleasure." The question how far such an idea can, here and now, be realized in practice does not receive a confident answer. While it must be allowed that some men attain real happiness—and so far the pessimist is contradicted—it is impossible to affirm this of all, and rash to affirm it of most men. The improvement, however, which may reasonably be expected to take place in the future condition of mankind is called in to turn the scale in favour of a cheerful view of the world as a whole. Here Mr. Sully takes occasion to point out that, while the drawbacks incident to progress are not unreal, they are apt to be exaggerated by errors of imagination, and of what may be called historical perspective. Thus we regret the primitive enjoyment of Nature, forgetting that the primitive man does not enjoy it; and we compare our vivid knowledge of present evils with dim knowledge of like evils in the past:—

We know so little respecting the social condition of past ages, that it is often impossible to say whether some present burden has not been handed down, so to speak, from far-off times. Thus, to judge of the significance of the bodily disease and the crime which characterize our modern civilization, it would be necessary to know something definite respecting the proportions of disease and crime in primitive modes of society; but this knowledge is inaccessible.

It must be borne in mind, at the same time—and this deserves, perhaps, to be more fully dwelt on—that if we can find our present happiness in the contemplation of the future happiness of fellow-men whom we shall not see, this must be in virtue of developed social sympathies, which enable us not only to think, but to feel, that the community is greater than the individual, and the individual's true life is to be found only in living for the community. Thus it would seem that intelligent hedonism, even if we suppose it to start from mere egoism, which, in fact, it cannot do, finally leads the seeker after happiness to construct for himself a social and unselfish ideal, as being less liable to disappointment than any other. The consideration that we can within certain limits deliberately modify our conception of our own happiness has in this manner a real ethical value, and points out the way of reconciling the particular motives and aims of this or that member of society with the distinctly social ends which, from the ethical point of view, must be assumed as paramount.

MORTIMER COLLINS.*

IT has become so difficult for a man to live in the way he likes best, regardless of fashion and of what other people do, that perhaps the social hero who succeeds in having his own way deserves that his biography should be written. Mr. Mortimer Collins certainly did live to please himself, and the mode of life in which he found pleasure was, on the whole, harmless and picturesque. Thus the biography which his wife has published is really worth looking through, though the reader may be tempted to skip a good deal of careless verse and slipshod prose. Mr. Collins did not perhaps do himself justice in the many and random writings which he was constantly producing. He posed as a noisy Conservative of the school of Wilson and the Shepherd, as a boisterous scholar whose scholarship was not very fresh, as a bold Bohemian, placing his delight in big cigars, Presburg biscuits, and tokay. The biography shows him as he really was—a kind of swaggering Tory A. K. H. B.; a most domestic and dutiful Bohemian, "who strove," as one of the papers in which he wrote attests, "to do his duty honestly and punctually by his employers." It is a harmless Bohemian that does not take a holiday for eight years; and the man is industrious, though his labour may be chiefly manual, who turns out a dozen novels, in addition to countless articles and copies of verses, in the same space of time.

The incidents in the life of Mortimer Collins were few, as far as the biography reports, and not exciting. He was born at Plymouth in 1827, and nature gave him great physical strength, and a nimble, unstable sort of mind. He was educated at various private schools, and while yet a schoolboy he contributed to *Punch* and *Fraser's Magazine*, and converted a country editor to Toryism as it was in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*. "To the poet-professor, Tory of Tories, I owe more than to any other man as to early education. *Blackwood's Magazine* taught me more than I learned from all the books—classical, mathematical, philosophical—which it was my painful duty to read." Collins dedicated a poem on Windermere to Christopher North, who said he was "a clever boy." A clever boy he remained to the end of the chapter, and till the end he imitated his old model, and padded his novels with descriptions of eating and drinking.

We are not told much about the early life and adventures of Mortimer Collins. He once threatened to beat a lout who was chipping fragments off a dolmen at Stonehenge. There is an anecdote about "a touching and beautiful address" which he delivered to some children at a "tea-meeting" at Cheddar. An old gentleman who was present was much affected, and said, with tears

* *Mortimer Collins: his Letters and Friendships*. Edited by Frances Collins. London: Sampson Low & Co.

streaming down his furrowed cheeks, "So long as Cheddar was Cheddar, they should never forget the name of Mortimer Collins." Through a life which was not ascetic, he retained a natural religiousness, with which he combined a passionate dislike of science and of newfangled ideas. It is true that in practice he did not go to church very regularly. "Some of the neighbours objected to Mortimer Collins leaning on his gate on Sunday to watch them pass." As Mr. Collins affected an airy and picturesque costume, and as it was his favourite pastime to contrast the faces of the various villagers as they went to and again as they came from church, it followed that in a small rural parish he was not held to be a defender of the faith. But he loudly railed against positivism; "always spoke very strongly on the philosophy of the present day"; and, in short, showed that inconsistency in practice and profession which is not so rare as to be remarkable.

Between Collins's first marriage in 1850 and the death of his wife in 1867 we are told scarcely anything about his career. He was a schoolmaster in Guernsey; he wrote prose and verse and political pamphlets; he published a novel. In 1868 he married again, and went to live at Knowl Hill, where he watched the flowers and birds, and where he wrote an infinite number of verses, valentines, articles, and stories. When he was not working for the press he was scribbling letters in rhyme; and too many of these letters are reprinted. Mr. Collins himself was careless of the fate of these productions, and said, with much sense, that there was "plenty more where they came from." He had a higher opinion of his poetry than of his prose, as one may gather from his remark, "I wish I could educate the public into taking a delight in a novel in verse, such as the *Odyssey*, *Don Juan*, *Aurora Leigh*." Even without the educating influence of Mr. Collins, the *Odyssey* and *Don Juan* were indulgently received by the public at the time of their first appearance, and they have not yet quite lost their popularity. But whether Mr. Collins was the man to rival these novels in verse, or whether it was merely from want of education that the public showed little desire for fresh romances in rhyme, it is scarcely worth while to decide. Mrs. Collins says, "He seemed always to be overflowing with poetry, and his song was as natural as a bird's. He took no pains in writing, so that a want of polish is often observed." Verse with which the author has taken no pains is hardly worth reprinting, even if it amuses the friends of the poet to read it in MS. But certain examples of pieces which Mr. Collins wrote for publication show some of the labour of the file, and perhaps a small collection of his best things might be worth reprinting. As an example of downright trash a valentine may be quoted:—

O Clara!! . . . that is all I can say
On this abominable misty day.
A million laundresses, O lady mine,
Are trying to wash out Saint Valentine.
Is Budbroke damp, a downright brook of mud?
No matter, we shall see the roses bud.
There is a sun astronomers declare,
Though seldom he emerges through the air.
When he returns and makes the hours divine,
Perhaps you'll answer this brief Valentine.

The verses "Causidicus ad Canem" are very much better, but even they show the feeble fluency which is almost the most fatal fault that verse can have. It does not appear, in spite of the unlucky remark about the *Odyssey* and *Don Juan*, Mr. Collins was conceited about his work. "Lightly come, lightly go," is a proverb that holds true of the productions of the imagination. Nothing could possibly have come more lightly than the greater part of his literary work. He wrote papers called the *Loiterer*, *Adversaria*, and so on, which were merely endless descriptions of his way of life, his prejudices, his house, his garden, the birds in his lime-trees, and his dogs. Could anything be more limp and more valueless than prose like this?—

Two, *post meridiem*.—I have just lunched and read my *Times*, which has nothing in it worth reading. A dull day, but a deliciously warm one—the first of summer. How divine the days of clear sunshine after a sky of brass and a perpetual drip, drip, drip! No words can describe the beauty visible from the bay windows in which I sit writing. On the right, heavy lime foliage, and a vase where white tumbler pigeons are drinking; on the left, holly and laurel, medlar and scarlet oak. 'Pon honour, as they say in the old comedies, 'tis a shame to have to loiter on paper on such a day as this! If my editor were here upon the lawn, he would say, "Throw the *Loiterer* over, old fellow, and we'll go to the Thames at Medmenham, 'Fay ce que voudras.'" That was the motto of the famous abbey of Bohemians (Medmenham Abbey) founded by Sir Francis Dashwood, Chancellor of the Exchequer in days when financial ministers were slightly less decorous than Sir Stafford Northcote, and did not mind associating with squinting Jack Wilkes and Churchill, the poet—or poetaster. Lord, how many a day I've had at Medmenham Abbey! A great place for Bohemians. I have made acquaintances there many a time, and never seen them since; good fellows enough, but the men who travel up and down the imperial stream in steam launches, eight oars, randans, are irregular in their movements. I remember, when my *mater* was staying with me a few years ago, bringing home from Medmenham a good sort of fellow in boating flannel, who turned out amusing, though not very literate. The old lady, rather a precisian, scarcely tolerated a man in flannel at the dinner-table, but he made himself agreeable, and she forgave him.

It seems odd that people should care to read this disjointed chat and the essays which follow Montaigne's garrulity at such an infinite distance. Mr. Collins's descriptions of the life of birds and flowers are more agreeable. Though he had not Gilbert White's patience and exactness, yet the pleasure derived from observation of familiar things made a great part of his happiness. He possessed, in a certain degree, that power of winning the friendship of birds which George Sand claimed for herself, and which Thoreau, the American naturalist, exercised in a way that

seemed miraculous. It is rather odd, by the way, that Mr. Collins does not appear to have known writings which would have been so congenial to his tastes as those of Thoreau. Birds allowed Mr. Collins to stroke them in their nests, and dragon-flies seemed contented in his company; but the American is said to have fascinated even the cold-blooded race of fishes.

The correspondence printed in this volume is not of great literary interest. Mr. Collins's letters, when they dealt with the literature, and especially with the poetry, of the day, were frank and outspoken. "They are not yet ripe for publication," it is said, and the mere notes to friends and to magazine editors never had more than a momentary interest. In them the novelist always appears, though boisterous, yet friendly, good humoured, contented. He really believed in his own optimism:—

We are told that youth is a blunder, manhood a struggle, old age a regret. Pshaw! Youth is a lyric, manhood an epic, age a philosophy. Youth is prophecy, manhood fruition, age is vision of both past and future.

Remembering how irritable is the vanity of authors, this optimism in a novelist and versifier is as respectable as it is rare. Mr. Collins's works met with a good deal of harsh criticism, which was, on the whole, deserved. He was persuaded that the censure was bestowed out of political rancour, because he had been a Tory editor. This delusion helped him to endure reviews with unbroken composure. He never grumbled at neglect, and at the circumstances which made constant work a necessity. Poets, as a rule, if they are not praised and petted, turn sulky, and find fault with society, with the stupidity of their contemporaries, with the toil of composing verses and papers that will not sell. Mr. Collins, on the other hand, was perfectly happy in his work, whatever it might be. He wrote novels, not because he could express himself best in that way, but because the public prefers novels to poetry. He wrote poetry with easy indifference on any topic which an editor might select. His biographer says that he had bitter enemies; there is little in the published story of his life that shows how he could have made them. In matters of taste he was far from immaculate, but his character was open and cheerful, and his blustering censure of his political opponents could scarcely have hurt any one with a sense of humour. One can imagine that he may sometimes have been tedious, for his animal spirits were excessive, and, like many men with animal spirits, he may have considered their absence in others a sort of moral blemish. Mrs. Collins mentions a literary conversation which is perhaps a good example of his style:—

After dinner Mortimer met Mr. Swinburne in the billiard-room, and both men got into an excited conversation on Greek poets.

"Euripides was a cad, sir," Mr. Swinburne was saying with great warmth as the Secretary went into the room with the Lady Mayoress.

The Greek poets appeared to be such a fascinating subject that the Lady Mayoress presently remarked, "If some one does not separate those gentlemen, they will talk Greek poets all night."

A companion who could talk all night about Euripides, starting from the text that "Euripides was a cad," might prove fatiguing in the long run.

Among letters of less value, Mrs. Collins prints one from a labouring man, a shoemaker, who had read her husband's articles:—"I see in the *Pictorial World* the Death of Your husband—Which I feel that I have lost a Friend and a Good Man." In closing the biography, one fancies that the praise was not undeserved, and that a genial, though boyish, and undisciplined force has been lost to literature. It was most unfortunate that Mr. Collins took to journalism while still a boy, and wasted so much of his time on offhand work. With a different education, and in other circumstances, he might have made some more worthy use of that side of his talent in which he approached Herrick—at an immense distance it is true; or of the love of living creatures in which he resembled Michelet and Gilbert White. He missed fame, and did little work of a high or permanent kind, but he enjoyed his day and his way. To have done that is scarcely to have failed.

DENISON'S HISTORY OF CAVALRY.*

THE circumstances under which this book has been compiled, as well as the exhaustive treatment which the subject has received, evince the zeal, care, and energy of the author, who, residing in a country where no standing army is maintained, and in a society far removed from the centres of European military thought, undertook to compete for the prize which the Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia offered for the best treatise on cavalry. Whatever may be the result of the adjudication of this prize, Colonel Denison has proved himself to be a formidable competitor. Having already, some years since, written a treatise on cavalry, he has supplemented his previous knowledge and confirmed his former ideas by a careful study of the great American War, respecting which his intimate acquaintance with many of the distinguished officers on both sides has given him exceptional opportunity of acquiring information. He saw some service in repressing the Fenian raids into Canada, distinguishing himself by his method of conducting the outpost duty along an extended tract of country, whilst by frequent intercourse with English officers stationed in Canada he obtained an insight into the discipline and tactics of European cavalry. Colonel Denison is evidently an enthusiast on the subject on which

* *History of Cavalry.* By Lieutenant-Colonel G. T. Denison. London: Macmillan & Co. 1877.

he has written, and his work is valuable as giving the results of critical study by an officer standing apart from the traditions and teachings of European armies.

The greater part of the work is devoted to an historical sketch of cavalry from the very earliest ages, tracing its successive changes through the periods of Assyrian, Persian, Grecian, and Roman history, to its development during the middle ages. Then, after dealing with the many alterations in its tactics which the influence of firearms necessitated, it concludes with a consideration of its present position in war, especially in regard to the best method of employing it against the accurately shooting weapons of modern infantry. The last chapters are consequently the most interesting to the practical soldier, although the information contained in the purely historical portions will render the work valuable to the military student. Contrary to the opinion of most European officers, Colonel Denison is a strong advocate for arming cavalry with carbine and revolver, and for teaching horsemen to depend on these weapons rather than on the *arme blanche*. He argues that the sword remains as it was hundreds, if not thousands, of years ago, that no improvement has been made in it or its sister weapon the lance, whilst modern science has prepared a far more deadly arm, and one equally handy for the mounted man, in the revolver. He cites many instances to strengthen his case, both from the American and the German wars, giving statistics to prove the destructive effect of the modern pistol as compared with the sword. Of these statistics, perhaps the most curious are the compilations of the German medical staff, in which the losses of their army in the whole war of 1870-71 are stated to have amounted to a total of 65,150 killed and wounded, out of which only 218 were killed and wounded by the sabre or clubbed musket; whilst, out of 2,236 killed and wounded cavalry, only 138 were injured by the sabre. This, by the way, is a curious commentary on a recent order issued in respect to the weapons of our own army, where the bayonet, notwithstanding its incumbrance to men when marching or firing, is to be lengthened, in order to compensate for the shortness and consequent handiness of the Martini rifle. The instances of the deadly effect of the revolver are principally taken from the American war, where on both sides, but especially among the bold riders, though roughly equipped, cavalry, of the South the firearm was preferred to the sword. Thus, in a fight in Virginia in 1864, when a squadron of Mosley's Confederate cavalry, armed with revolvers, met an equal number of Federals using the sword, the victory remained with the former, the Confederates losing one man killed and several wounded against twenty-four killed and twelve wounded in the Federal ranks. Colonel Denison sums up his arguments in the following query:—

Supposing that the cavalry of the future, in attacking infantry, were to charge at full speed, revolver in hand, each man taught to fire at the gallop, and each man instructed that he was, without halting, to shoot a gap for himself in his own front, and so to effect an entrance, why should not this be a more effective system than riding up with the sabre?

The remarks on this subject are well worthy of consideration, although no doubt many arguments may be used on the opposite side, whilst instances can be quoted to show that the fact of being armed with pistols has sometimes prevented cavalry from charging home, leading them to draw rein at the critical moment, and to use their revolvers at the halt in place of riding boldly against their antagonists.

There is, however, another part of the subject which is perhaps of greater importance, and may provoke less opposition. The striking results obtained by detached bodies of cavalry operating on the flanks and rear of the enemies' armies were clearly shown during the American war in the raids of Stewart, Forrest, Morgan, and others on the Confederate side, and of Sheridan, Grierson, and Wilson on the part of the Northerners, where men trained equally to fight on horseback and on foot, and armed with long-ranging and accurately shooting rifles, destroyed communications, attacked infantry, captured guns, took cities, and even, in one instance, seized and worked gunboats. Nor should the lessons of this great war be despised by European officers, on the ground that the contending forces were not composed of regular troops. Colonel Denison answers this objection by showing that "four years of continuous war, with constant drilling and fighting, must have produced as efficient troops as could be found." And in another place he points out how the long period "of continuous fighting in the field would produce soldiers of the highest type, men whose practical knowledge of the business of war would be greater than if their whole lives had been devoted to peace training." Consequently, a careful perusal of the accounts of these raids, and a study of the tactics that insured success to the mounted riflemen who made them, cannot be unprofitable to officers who recognize the alterations which modern weapons have made in war, and who may be preparing themselves for taking advantage of some new form of tactics that may secure victory to whoever should have the boldness and skill to seize the opportunity. The Germans in their invasion of France covered their front with horsemen, who screened the movements of their own army, whilst harassing on every side the forces of the enemy; but their success was in great measure owing to the want of enterprise, or want of skill, of the French cavalry, and their operations became greatly restricted when the volunteer riflemen were organized for partisan warfare. Notwithstanding the free employment of cavalry by the Germans, General Sheridan—no mean judge of war—found fault with the number of horsemen who were kept in rear, occupying the roads without contributing to the success of the operations. He

would have pushed a larger proportion of cavalry to the front, employing them as he employed the forces under his command in Virginia. Colonel Denison urges that, if the German cavalry had been armed and drilled, or rather trained, on the model of Morgan's or Forrest's cavalry, they would have more than held their own against the *Franc-tireurs* who, in the later period of the war, restricted their freedom of action by compelling them to seek for infantry support.

Many instances are given of the enterprise of the American cavalry, or rather mounted riflemen, notably the narrative of Forrest's pursuit of the enemy through Alabama, where, after a march for three days of "an average of forty-one miles each day, fighting for several hours daily and nightly, and after that, in the last forty-eight hours of the expedition, he [Forrest] had led his men, wearied and jaded as they were, a distance of full ninety miles." The result being that 1,700 men capitulated to about 500, who, when formed up in line to receive the surrender, were so overcome with sleep that they were nearly all nodding, unable to keep their eyes open. Perhaps, however, the account of the action at Hartsville between some of Morgan's men and a body of Federal cavalry, drilled to use the sabre, gives the best exemplification of the mode of fighting of mounted riflemen:—

Throwing down the eastern fence of the meadow, some 300 Federal cavalry poured into it, formed a long line, and dashed across it, with sabres drawn, towards the line of horses which they saw in the road beyond. Companies B, C, E and F were by this time dismounted, and had dropped on their knees behind a low fence on the roadside as the enemy came rushing on. They held their fire until the enemy were within thirty yards, when they opened. Then was seen the effect of a volley from that long thin line which looked so easy to break and yet whose fire was so deadly. Every man had elbow room, and took dead aim at an individual foe; and, as the blaze left the guns, two-thirds of the riders and horses seemed to go down. The cavalry was at once broken, and recoiled. Our men sprang over the fence and ran close up to them as they endeavoured to retreat rapidly through the gaps of the fence by which they had entered, and poured in such another volley that the rout was completed. However, they reformed and came back, but only to be repulsed again. They were then pursued by the mounted men, who followed them for some three miles, when Johnson rallied in a strong position on a hill, dismounted his men, and formed them up to check the pursuit. The pursuers followed up swiftly, and, seeing the disposition made by the enemy, rapidly formed, dismounted under cover of a hill, charged, and carried the position on foot.

It must be remembered that these tactics were practised before breechloaders came into use, and that the present arms give much additional advantage to those who can use them—i.e. those who fight on foot; for to fire rifles or carbines from horseback is to throw away ammunition. Colonel Denison—whilst advocating the employment of the revolver—fully recognizes this fact, and quotes as a warning the conduct of General Clerembault's cavalry, who received the charge of six regiments of Prussians with a carbine fire in an open plain, the result being the complete defeat of the French. Possibly one of the saddest instances of courage wasted during that war was the charge of the *Chasseurs d'Afrique* and the *Chasseurs à Sedan*, which has been so cleverly illustrated by Adam. General Sheridan went over the ground immediately after the action, and saw the hill-side covered with their dead, and with the bodies of their little grey Arab horses. He bore witness to their great gallantry, and to the impossibility of their reaching the line of Prussian infantry, who waited for them until they got within 150 yards, and then mowed them down with volleys. The impossibility of cavalry attacking unmounted infantry armed with breechloaders is now generally recognized even by its greatest admirers; but what has not been as yet fully realized is the use that might and ought to be made of cavalry detached from infantry, and operating in front or on the flank of an army. The German cavalry of the last war are quoted and their brilliant achievements instanced; but whether, if differently armed and drilled, they might not have still further utilized the dash and intelligence that characterized them, is a matter which should be carefully studied by our cavalry officers. With good rifles, handy and short for convenience of carriage, cavalry ought to be able to hold their own against detachments of infantry, and would thus have it in their power to harass an enemy by destroying bridges, cutting railway communication, and capturing convoys, in spite of infantry guards. If the German cavalry could have been employed in this way, they would have made a stand against the *Franc-tireurs*, and have continued in the last months of the war the exploits of its commencement.

These are matters that our officers ought to consider carefully; and, above all, our cavalry should be armed as quickly as possible with a small-bore carbine in place of the comparatively useless weapon which they now carry. Napoleon insisted on the necessity of constantly changing tactics; and well will it be if those of our own army are found to be in advance of the tactics of the last wars, should it be our fate again to take the field; but we must not pin our faith on any foreign army, or copy blindly the organization or manoeuvres that may have contributed only partially to its success. We have long had the advantage of being spectators of the wars of others, and we should therefore have benefited by an unprejudiced consideration of the lessons they afford. As a help to a study of these lessons, Colonel Denison's book will be found most useful; and even if his views should be regarded as extreme, they are yet worthy of critical examination, and, if wrong, of refutation, by some cavalry soldier who is prepared to advocate another system of tactics. History is full of examples of the evil of clinging blindly to precedents that have been glorious, and the greatest generals have been those who have known how to modify ancient usages so as to

meet modern requirements. The employment of cavalry may make or mar the renown of the officer who next leads English troops into the field, and no time should be lost in preparing that noble arm of the service for the work which it may be called upon to perform. That it has a brilliant future before it we fully believe; but the method of using it must change with the alterations which new weapons have introduced into modern warfare. It may even be that these changes have been too long delayed, and that consequently opportunities have been lost which might have been seized by some bold reformer. Even as far back as the Russian campaign of 1812, General Morand bore witness to the injury inflicted on the French cavalry under Murat, their most renowned leader, by the badly mounted and roughly equipped Cossacks, who exhausted and wearied out their opponents—superior to them in numbers, and armed and organized on the most approved pattern—by their system of tactics. There is nothing new in estimating the glitter and show of an armed force beyond its real value, or in mistaking the shadow for the reality and what should merely be means for ends; but war is a crucial test that tries the true value of its agents, as it sweeps ruthlessly away what is not fitted for its purposes. Colonel Denison's deductions cannot be agreeable to those who would desire the cavalry of the future to be formed on the model of the cavalry of the past; but they are put forward with considerable skill, and are backed by numerous examples. If they be fallacious, the sooner their fallacy is exposed the better; if they be true, or even partially correct, the sooner some action is taken in the matter the more satisfactory will it be to those who believe that efficiency in war can only be secured by unremitting attention to the progress of events, and by constant improvement in all that has reference to its conduct, whether in arms, in organization, or in tactics.

FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW.*

GOOD skimmers and skippers who care for little but the plot of a story might do worse than take with them *Footprints in the Snow* to beguile a few hours' captivity in a railway carriage. The story is tolerably exciting, in a mild sort of way, and the interest is fairly sustained throughout the book. We cannot say that the delineation of the characters strikes us as being very successful; but the writer evidently means well, and there are plenty of far worse novels published every year. Of course the heroine marries the wrong man first, who conveniently dies to make room for the right man, who was on the very point of marrying the wrong woman. This main idea generally forms the scaffolding of the novels of the day, so we must not specially take exception to it in this instance; but we may remark in passing that not only is this sort of plot becoming monotonous, but that its moral is almost, if not quite, as bad as the old-fashioned abduction and seduction plots of the books of a past generation, which are now regarded with pious horror. However, in this respect *Footprints in the Snow* is not worse than its neighbours. According to her lights, the author has endeavoured to work up her characters, and the book shows few signs of hurried or careless writing. With a happy combination of plot and characters, we could imagine it quite possible that she might produce a more than average novel. In the book before us she often tries, with much assiduity, to give what are technically termed "touches of humour." Her efforts in this direction are really praiseworthy, if a little laboured, and occasionally she achieves some trifling success. The scenes and conversations are well arranged, and, with the exception of an occasional stiltiness, the writing is generally smooth and flowing. The book may be said to be "easily taken," and although it has an interesting plot, we do not think that its recollection would be likely to spoil a night to the most nervous invalid. That "amusement without fatigue" should thus happily be attained is highly creditable to the writer, for the *menu* comprises one murder (happily without entailing the introduction of that pest of romance, the detective policeman), one fatal gun accident, one fatal railway accident, one assault with violence, three weddings, and four funerals.

We began by describing *Footprints in the Snow* as a very passable railway novel, and it has this further advantage, that, when done with, it is likely highly to edify the inmates of "the room" and the servants' hall. For it is a book about "lovers," and these lovers usually either have "fortunes" already, or else fortunes are left to them. Here may people be read of who are "independent" (happy souls), or "amply provided for," or "in comfortable and easy circumstances." Indeed we are often told the exact amount of these "fortunes," ten thousand pounds, twenty thousand pounds, twenty-five thousand pounds, &c. This business-like statement of the affairs of the characters in a work of fiction is a bold step, and completely eclipses the "I've often wished that I had clear," &c. of Dr. Pangloss, and the "small hinddependence of my own" of the horse-dealer in *Sponge's Sporting Tour*. Surely such phrases as the following must have been framed with the object of obtaining a favourable criticism from a literary lady's-maid. "She was thinking of her lover; the favoured lover." "Who this lover was had better now be told." "He clasped her to his breast." It is pleasant to read of an "easy, wealthy farmer," although the term may suggest one whose vote might be doubtful at an election. The occupants of "the room" would go into ecstasies on reading of a "lover" "flinging himself down on his knees

before" his lady love, and "clasping her dress in his hands," and her reply of "Get up, dear boy," would be much appreciated. The frequent purchasing of dresses and trousseaux and the repeated administration of small gratuities would also be approved of. Then how edifying would the details of the four funerals be considered! How gratifying it is to learn how "his face and limbs were decently composed," how "the servants upstairs took down the bed curtains and rolled up the carpet in the room where he had died," and "downstairs his widow sat white and grave"; and all about the funeral ceremony, and the friends who would expect to be invited to join it, and the unwillingness of Robert Horton "to lose prestige among their neighbours by being considered to have acted in a niggardly manner regarding the expenses of their brother's funeral"! All this is beautifully suggestive of hatbands and scarves. It is still more thrilling to be told of the hero of the story "grimly watching them" (the gravediggers) "throwing up spadefuls of damp soil," an occupation which they declared they found "dry work." Then there are many details concerning the attacks of D. T. from which one gentleman suffered, which might specially recommend themselves to the denizens of the pantry, who would also find it comforting to read of the nips of wine and brandy (after one of which the heroine's "brain seemed to begin to whirl"), so often resorted to when circumstances were unpropitious.

On the whole, we fear we must confess that there is a good deal of vulgarity in the book. We are overwhelmed with petty details about the weddings, funerals, and attacks of D. T., the engaging of lodgings, and the depredations or bible-readings of the landladies, the cheques of the uncle, the orderings of dresses, the general cleanings, and the laying down of white rugs. We weary of reading of "soul-lit eyes," "clever-looking, gentlemanly young men," "God-inspired arguments," "sweet expressions," "bandaged, crushed, and shattered forms," "clear" or "finely tinted skins," and "clammy brows." Throughout the book, skins and complexions may be said to be a leading feature, and in this matter the hero, as is his due, is specially honoured with full description. "His brown face grew a dark red." "A deep flush dyed his dark skin." "A burning colour flushed his brown skin." "His brown, handsome face colouring." And after the railway accident "his pale face dyed a dusky red." All this may be very interesting; but when constantly repeated concerning the same person, it is apt to become monotonous. We may also question the necessity of the allusions to a popular West-end preacher, who is all but mentioned by name. We are even treated to scraps from his sermons, which strike us as singularly out of place in such a book as this. We are fully aware that women are apt to idolize their favourite preachers; but it is too bad of female novelists to inflict upon us preans on their pet parsons. A great deal of nonsense is doubtless necessary to fill a three-volume novel; but if a book must be padded, deliver us from second-hand sermonizing and anecdotes about D. T. But besides the "passionate words of the preacher," we are disciplined with much mild moralizing upon the subject of dumb animals. "Wonderful judges of character are these creatures that we despise; and, alas! how often ill-treat"; and much besides in the same strain. That the black cat jumped out of its basket and looked at its mistress when she came down to breakfast may be a fact worthy of record in an absorbing romance; but we do not need to be told that it looked at her with a "God-given instinct." Why does not the author proceed to tell us that its mistress stroked it, but did not pull its tail? It would have filled another line. Who reads sensational novels in order to be informed that the "dumb beasts used to creep to the side of the gifted Burns," or that "we all know the pleasant stories of the gentle Cowper and his pretty playful hares"? We wonder that, after this, we are not introduced to St. Francis and the birds, St. Patrick and the fawn, and St. Anthony preaching to the fishes; but there is a ring about the "pretty playful hares," "the pleasant stories about the gentle Cowper," and "the gifted Burns," which makes us suspect that the author of *Footprints in the Snow* is more at home in nursery rhymes and the works of the inspired Dr. Watts than in the legends of the Saints. She rises to eloquence over a cat and a dog:—"See the black pussy now purring," &c., and "mark the half-sightless eyes of the old dog," and so on for a page and a half. All this is very nice and very proper; but, occurring as it does in some of the earliest pages of Vol. I., it is suggestive of fears lest the amount of matter at command may be insufficient to fill the space allotted by the publisher. The writer might find it useful in her future works, when wishing to spin out her pages with moralizings about "these creatures," to quote at length some of the standard poems on the subject, such as "Let dogs delight to bark and bite," or "How doth the little busy bee," and then we could read them if we liked, or skip a page or two. If any one should wish to study a specimen of literary flaccidity, we commend to him a paragraph which begins at page 59 of the first volume. The pith and general drift of this great passage is the extraordinary discovery that, if one sheep has the audacity to give the lead, the whole flock will follow it. "If one flies at the approach of a dog, they all fly. Nay," says our instructress, "I verily believe, if one were to sneeze, the whole flock would do their best to follow that sternutatory process." We remember being much struck many years ago by some stanzas which might have been appropriately appended to this paragraph. As far as we recollect, these affecting lines commenced "Ba, ba, black sheep." We suppose that the very thought of the destruction

* *Footprints in the Snow*. By Dora Russell. 3 vols. Tinsley Brothers.

of any dumb creatures completely unnerves the author, or she would scarcely have made Richard Horton when out partridge-shooting suggest that the party should shoot "a few more braces" before returning home.

But we feel that it is a graceless task to attempt criticism of the works of this, or indeed any other author, after reading the following description of "book-makers" in an early part of the first volume. They are spoken of as "those who are good-natured and industrious enough to give us the benefit of their cultivated thoughts, and who . . . not only lighten many a weary hour, but frequently afford conversation for those brains which are less endowed than their own." It would then be presumption in "less endowed" brains to venture to make any profane remarks upon the "cultivated thoughts" of which they are so condescendingly given "the benefit." The course of unqualified adulation is of course still open to the devout reviewer; but although we rejoice in offering the hymn of praise when we can conscientiously do so, we feel that we cannot further gratify our taste in this instance, having already given all the eulogy to the work before us which honesty will allow. As the plot is the strong point in this novel, a short sketch of the story would destroy all interest in it to those who may chance to read the book. As we hinted at the beginning of this notice, any adept at the art of skipping, who is not over-fastidious about literary and other shortcomings, and who has exhausted his list of light literature, may go further and fare worse than send to his circulating library for *Footprints in the Snow*.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. LENIENT is the author of two excellent works on French satirical literature which were published some time ago at a few years' interval from each other; the volume treating of the mediæval epoch has now reached a second edition, and we are glad that an opportunity offers of recommending it.* We have to consider here no dry catalogue of works, no treatise of mere erudition; the whole society of the middle ages, conjured up from the grave, revives before us; nobles, villeins, scholars, prelates, princes, strut about as if on the stage where mysteries, *soeties*, and *pièces farcies* were acted in days of yore. Renard, the Devil, and Death are the three leaders in this vast comedy; the *fabliaux* of the *trouvères* and the *serventes* of the troubadours come first; and then we have the mock-epics of Jean de Meung and Philip de Rues; the Crusades, the Western schism, the civil wars, the English invasions, all contribute their share to that satirical lore which has always formed so notable a characteristic of our Gallican neighbours' intellectual life. If architecture supplies us with "sermons in stones," it also abounds in carved lampoons, and even the church liturgical services are parodied—as, for example, in the well-known prose *ex orientis partibus*. M. Lenient has judiciously introduced a large number of illustrative quotations, and his summary of the cycle of Reynard the Fox is an admirable guide through the numerous branches of that wonderful composition.

Rabelais is the chief representative of French humour during the Renaissance period, and the attacks against mediæval society so boldly attempted by the writers whom M. Lenient enumerates were intensified in the *Gargantua* and the *Pantagruel*. We had in our last monthly summary to review M. Gebhardt's monograph of Rabelais; and it is not astonishing that so many lovers of literature should feel tempted by this attractive subject, and endeavour to satisfy the conditions of the programme put forth by the Académie Française. M. Fleury's *éloge* of Rabelais† seems to us in several respects superior to that of M. Gebhardt. It is not so well written perhaps, but it is more complete, and has grown out of a lecture delivered by the author at St. Petersburg. For most readers Maître Alcofrabas Nasier is an unknown writer, and the reason of this is twofold; in the first place, his works require a considerable amount of expurgation; and, although a family Rabelais may sound ridiculous, yet there is no possible reason why we should not have a carefully selected anthology of extracts from the *Pantagruel*; this M. Fleury has done with much success. The second difficulty to be overcome is connected with the structure of the novel, the meaning of the several episodes, and the identification of the various characters. Here again M. Fleury has been singularly happy; and when we think of the obscurity by which Rabelais's book is surrounded, and of the many keys proposed by annotators, we must come to the conclusion that our critic has published the most satisfactory comment on the satirist's romance. The two volumes treat successively of the biography of Rabelais; the contents and structure of the *Gargantua* and the *Pantagruel*; and Rabelais viewed as a philosopher, a writer, and an artist. The last two chapters are taken up by a notice of the Pantagruelist school of literature, and of the various appreciations given by critics in France, Germany, Italy, and England.

Several French writers have composed remarkable works on Greek tragedy, and we may notice more especially the three volumes of M. Patin. We have now to introduce to our readers the monograph by M. Chaignet‡, Professor at the Poitiers Faculté des Lettres, who is already known by a treatise on aesthetics, and has just carried off the prize for the best essay on Aristotle's psychology. M. Chaignet considers, and rightly, that the *Stagirite* is, after all, the most trustworthy guide we can adopt, if we wish to

appreciate the elements and characteristics of Greek tragedy. At the time when he wrote his *Poetics* the drama had gone through all the stages of its development, and reached its highest state of perfection; he did not certainly say so himself; nay, he distinctly reserved the question as to whether tragedy then had attained the limits beyond which no progress is possible; at the same time the fact was there, and history shows to us that after the days of Aristotle the tragic muse produced nothing equal to the masterpieces of *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, and *Euripides*. The best course M. Chaignet could pursue, accordingly, was to begin by a summary of Aristotle's *Poetics*, so far as tragedy is concerned; this forms the introduction to the present volume; we have then a complete history of the Greek tragic drama, beginning with the *Dithyramb*; the second part of the work treats of the general characteristics of the subject, and the concluding three chapters examine in detail the individualities of *Clytemnestra*, *Cassandra*, *Antigone*, and *Phædra*. M. Chaignet's monograph, based upon an exhaustive study of classical antiquity, will be found full of sound views on one of the most attractive branches of ancient literature.

A number of essays by M. Philarète Chasles on the early part of the seventeenth century in France, in Spain, and in Italy, scattered throughout the pages of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and the columns of the *Journal des Débats*, have now been collected, and form the various chapters of a volume* treating of persons and questions which are not much known except to students who want to become acquainted with every aspect of literature, byways as well as highways. Marino, Saint-Arnaud, Théophile de Viau, and Gozzi have had their day, and exercised their influence; but how many among our readers have heard of these worthies? Boileau consigned to ridicule Saint-Arnaud's *Moïse sauvé* and the tragedy of *Pyramus and Thisbe* by the unfortunate Théophile; there is no reason to appeal against the decision of the *Législateur du Parnasse*, and yet M. Philarète Chasles has managed to cull a few flowers from the rubbish of these two authors. The first essay in the volume, treating of the Spanish drama, is an appreciative study, and a vehement protest against the criticisms of the classical school, whose best representatives were not qualified to pass judgment upon Calderon, Lopez de Vega, and Alarcon, because they measured them according to a false standard.

The French Revolution has met with adversaries of two different classes; some of them condemn it altogether, and see nothing but a series of mistakes and of crimes from the taking of the Bastille to the advent of the Third Republic; amongst these ultra-conservatives we must class of course Count de Maistre and Viscount de Bonald, then M. Louis Veuillot, the collaborators of the *Revue du Monde catholique*, and a number of writers who aim distinctly at the restoration of the *ancien régime*. For them Lanjuinais is nearly as bad as Robespierre, and Boissy d'Anglas does not rank higher in their esteem than Couthon or Saint-Just. Others, such as M. de Tocqueville, Mme. de Staël, Mallet du Pan, &c., were more discriminating; the massacres of September did not prevent them from admiring the meeting at the Versailles tennis-court, and they denounced the brutal cynicism of *L'ami du peuple* all the more because they sympathized heartily with the lofty views and patriotic energy which distinguished Hoche and Drouot, Portalis and Daunou. M. Maxime du Camp belongs to the last of these classes, and the introductory essays of his new volume show admirably what an intelligent appreciation of the French Revolution should be.† He proves by a survey of the *cahiers* or statements of grievances compiled at the time when the States-General met, that the remonstrances made by the *bourgeoisie* were founded upon facts, and not merely exaggerations, as it has been too long supposed. But, cordially as he approves of the work attempted by the National and Legislative Assemblies, he denounces in the strongest manner the wickedness of Marat, the bloodthirsty stupidity of what has been called revolutionary justice, and the ridiculous conceit of the *ci-devant* Baron Anacharsis Clootz, the "orator of the human race." M. du Camp's book is divided into three parts; the second contains three articles on antiquarian subjects, and the third reproduces some letters addressed to the French Minister of Public Instruction on national songs, prehistoric archaeology, &c.

"Quand je vois le Japon," exclaims Petit Jean, in Racine's comedy. Thanks to M. George Bousquet, we can now see and know perfectly well a country which two centuries ago was looked upon as a kind of fairyland. Settled for the space of five years at Jeddo as legal adviser of the Japanese Government‡, M. Bousquet has enjoyed plenty of opportunities of studying the social, political, and domestic institutions of that interesting people, and has filled two thick octavo volumes with the result of his observations. The geography, productions, territorial divisions, climate, and history of Japan are briefly examined in the introductory chapters; book the first treats of what our author calls the outside life of the Japanese; he takes us on an excursion through the country, and describes the position occupied by foreigners, the nature of the various settlements, &c. Education, civilization, law, religion, and art are dealt with in the second book; the work concludes with a short account of the various eastern maritime stations between Yeddo and Paris. M. Bousquet

* *La France, l'Espagne et l'Italie au XVII^e siècle.* Par Ph. Chasles, Paris: Charpentier.

† *Histoire et critique.* Par Maxime du Camp. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

‡ *Le Japon de nos jours.* Par G. Bousquet. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

* *La satire française au moyen-âge.* Par C. Lenient. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

† *Rabelais, sa vie et ses œuvres.* Par Jean Fleury. Paris: Didier.

‡ *La tragédie grecque.* Par E. A. Chaignet. Paris: Didier.

urges Europeans to study more attentively than they have yet done the mysteries of Asiatic civilization, and to direct into proper channels an energy which is daily gaining in intensity.

Baron Ernouf's small volume* is derived mainly from M. Drew's *Jummoo and Kashmir*, and is illustrated by a map and several woodcuts. It is interesting to remark how frequently the truthfulness of early travellers is confirmed by modern tourists; such is the case with Bernier, who nearly two hundred years ago visited the kingdom of Kashmir in company with the Emperor Aureng-Zeb, and gave a glowing description of what he designated as "le Paradis terrestre de l'Inde." Later on the English traveller Forster corroborated in every respect Bernier's accounts; and Mr. Drew's narrative, in its turn, adds a fresh testimony to the accuracy of the facts previously collected. Baron Ernouf has left out a number of details which would not interest the general reader; on the other hand, he has borrowed from M. Bernier's work, and consulted M. de Valbezen's recent publication *Les Anglais dans l'Inde*. Mr. Drew's relations with the Maharajah Ranbir-Singh necessarily prevented him from entering into particulars about certain incidents of court life, which Baron Ernouf had not the same reason for suppressing, and which he gives on M. de Valbezen's authority.

In the company of Count Goblet d'Alviella we still linger amongst the picturesque features of Indian scenery.† The *souvenirs de voyage* of the French tourist were written on the occasion of the Prince of Wales's visit; and they place before us sketches taken under the most favourable circumstances. Few excursionists will ever perhaps enjoy the opportunity of which Count d'Alviella was permitted to avail himself; few perhaps would turn it to such excellent use. Most of his book is merely of course taken up by fresh descriptions of places, characters, and manners with which other writers have made us acquainted, but the last two chapters are quite original, and lead us to a district which even very few Englishmen have visited; we mean the province of Sikhim in the Himalayas, with its population of Buddhists and its numerous monasteries. This much is certain, that no French account of this province has hitherto been written; and if Count Goblet d'Alviella was enabled to explore it carefully, it was mainly owing to the kind interference of Mr. Ware Edgar, Deputy-Commissioner of Darjiling and Political Agent for the English Government in the province of Sikhim. We must acknowledge that our French traveller is rather disposed to look at the present state of our Indian dependencies from a gloomy point of view. He has noticed amongst the natives signs of irritation which seem to him aggravated by the want of courtesy of the English towards them.

Two volumes on Russia require a brief mention here. The "Militaire français" who has visited the "country of roubles" is gossiping and amusing, but that is all.‡ He tells us that, as M. de Custine's work, published in 1838, was derived from information furnished by Prince Kozlowsky, so his own book is the echo of Russian conversations. All we can say is that the sketches he gives us are all of a very unfavourable character; and, if we were to judge of Russian society from the details in which he indulges, we should come to the conclusion that improvements are urgently wanted. It has been often asserted that the Emperor Alexander II. opened the period of reforms. We are told here that, in the estimation of most persons duly qualified to pass an opinion on this question, the present régime is a pale copy of the one which prevailed under the reign of the Czar Nicholas.

M. G. de Molinari's letters on Russia are of a very different character.§ They contain a mass of valuable information about the manifold aspects of political, social, and domestic life; they introduce us to the salons of the aristocracy, as well as to the cottages of the poor; and they enable us to appreciate with extreme accuracy the true nature of the revolution which is gradually leavening the Slavonic races. M. de Molinari's letters are not, strictly speaking, a new work. They were published seventeen years ago, as the result of a visit to Russia, and the author tells us in his preface of the delight with which he, a Liberal in politics and a Free-trader in commerce, saw his St. Petersburg friends advocating reforms of every kind with almost greater enthusiasm than he did himself. Time, says M. de Molinari, has had the usual effect of toning down his admiration of Russian Liberalism. While rendering full justice to what has been accomplished in the various branches of the public service, he regrets that the excitable temperament of the Slavonic races should often have given a false direction to reforms, and made them so dangerous, that the Emperor could not follow in the wake of public opinion without thereby sanctioning measures of a directly revolutionary character. The war against Turkey, carried on in the spirit of a crusade, is a case in point; the Emperor undertook it under the direct pressure of the popular sentiment, and it is very doubtful whether the Russians will be able to resist the temptation of annexing the provinces they now wish merely to deliver from the Turkish yoke.

Nosce hostem is M. Legoyt's motto ||, and with that view he

publishes a thick volume containing a survey of German administration in all its branches. Nothing here is allowed to fancy; the work bristles with statistical tables, and its eloquence is that of arithmetic. The preface explains, with the utmost frankness, the true causes which have brought about the insecurity of France and the power of Germany. The former of these nations is completely isolated, for a confederation of the Latin races against that of the Teutonic ones is impossible; and it is no use blinding ourselves to the fact that the French, like the Bourbons, have never profited by the lessons of experience; they have not that *vis durans* alluded to by Tacitus as the distinctive quality of the Germans, and they waste their time in idle discussions when the enemy is at their gates. Such are M. Legoyt's own remarks, suggested to him by an earnest desire to rouse his fellow-countrymen from their indifference, and to put them on their guard against the power and ambition of Germany.

M. Littré is completing his Dictionary by a Supplement, three *livraisons* of which are now before us.¶ That a work of such magnitude needed additions is not much to be wondered at, for lexicography, like all sciences, is still progressing, and the discovery of fresh MSS., to name only that source of information, brings constantly to light new facts, new philological curiosities. M. Littré professes not to introduce any corrections in his Supplement; what he aims at is additions, chiefly in the way of neologisms. The development of political and commercial activity has added a large stock to the already rich capital of the French language, to say nothing of the words coined by M. Victor Hugo, his admirers, and his disciples. A large proportion of these new expressions is essentially ungrammatical, and M. Littré very properly rejects it. All the rest are admitted, after having been previously reduced to grammatical shape, if they were at all susceptible of the preliminary pruning. Frequent use has been made of the *patois*, and foreign languages have supplied a considerable item to M. Littré's treasures. The supplement is to be followed by a complete lexicon of all the French words derived from Eastern sources.

Some years ago M. Charles Lambert published, under the title of *Le système du monde moral*, a work on philosophy, intended to unravel the problem of our nature and our destiny from a standpoint between Christianity and materialism.‡ This book, completed by a second one, containing a critique of the Christian religion, now appears in two octavo volumes, and professes to give us a new theory of immortality and of a future life. The writer has some ground for accusing the materialists of taking things for granted, and for reasoning *à priori* just as much as the most energetic champions of revealed religion; but when he attempts to theorize, he himself falls into similar errors, representing Christianity as the embodiment of local ideas on psychology and eschatology, and seeing in it merely an expression of Judaism. As far as we understand M. Lambert, he holds that immortality is the fundamental law of man's nature, the principle which distinguishes him from the rest of creation; but that, at the same time, it belongs only to those who train their moral individuality, and who live as the "heirs of eternal life." The others, satisfied with the condition of the brutes that perish, voluntarily condemn themselves to annihilation.

M. Renan's|| new volume displays the usual brilliancy of his style, and also the unsoundness of his criticism. The ground covered by the author extends chronologically from the destruction of the Temple, and ends with the death of Trajan; the real subject is the composition of the Gospels and the origins of Christian literature; then, besides an account of the New Testament Scriptures, we have critical observations on Josephus, Clemens Romanus, the Sibylline Books, &c.

M. Victor Oger's French rendering of Mr. Gladstone's popular work calls for a mention here on account of the two prefaces which the translator has added.§ Whilst addressing his fellow-countrymen, and especially the youth of France, on the subject of the present crisis, M. Oger argues that while there can be no true liberty without religion, ecclesiasticism, especially in the shape which it assumes at the Vatican, has very injurious effects on the dignity of man and his moral education.

The *Petite bibliothèque littéraire*, edited by M. Lemerre, will in course of time include all the leading representatives of French thought. Of the new volumes, one is Pascal's *Pensées* ||, printed from the original MSS., and preceded by a long essay, for which we have to thank M. Molinier. This introduction does not reveal anything very new, and it seems to show that all attempts to classify and arrange Pascal's fragments with strict accuracy must signally fail. The order adopted by the editors of 1669, and followed after them by Bossuet, has the advantage of being sanctioned by time; but that is its only recommendation, although it has lately been adopted by M. Havet. On the other hand, M. Faugère's endeavour to build on Pascal's own plan is decidedly more logical and harmonious; nor would there remain any possible doubt as to the superior merits of his edition if he had scrupulously adhered to the system laid down by himself in his preface. M. Molinier has done his best to avoid this defect, and, whilst taking M. Faugère as his guide, improves whenever necessary upon the arrangement of the *disjecta membra*. The work

* *Cachemire et petit Thibet, d'après la relation de M. Drew*. Par le baron Ernouf. Paris: Plon.

† *Inde et Himalaya, souvenirs de voyage*. Par le comte Goblet d'Alviella. Paris: Plon.

‡ *Voyage au pays des roubles*. Par un militaire Français. Paris: Arnaud & Labat.

§ *Lettres sur la Russie*. Par G. de Molinari. Paris: Dentu.

|| *Forces matérielles de l'empire d'Allemagne, d'après les documents officiels*. Par A. Legoyt. Paris: Dentu.

¶ *Supplément au dictionnaire français de M. Littré*. Livr. 1-3. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

‡ *Le spiritualisme et la religion*. Par Charles Lambert. Paris: Lévy.

§ *Les évangiles*. Par E. Renan. Paris: Lévy.

|| *Rome et le Pape*. Par Mr. W. E. Gladstone, traduit par M. Victor Oger. Paris: Sandoz & Co.

¶ *Les pensées de Pascal*. Avec une introduction et des notes par A. Molinier. Vol. I. Lemerre.

is beautifully printed on excellent paper, and will be completed, in a second volume, with notes.

M. Dillaye has, we think, excellently described * Voltaire's character in his preface to M. Lemerre's edition of the novels. No correct appreciation of that wonderful writer is consistent with either wholesale panegyric or unqualified condemnation, and it is perfectly true, to quote M. Dillaye's remarks, that Voltaire's faults and merits nowhere appear more manifestly than in his novels, which also exhibit his wonderful power as the greatest prose writer France can boast of.

The third instalment of the *Bibliothèque littéraire* we shall mention here is M. Victor Hugo's *Légende des Siècles*.† This reprint has no feature calling for any distinct notice; but we cannot let the opportunity pass of once more expressing our admiration at the wonderful manner in which the leading French poet of the nineteenth century has revived the stately Alexandrine, throwing into it an amount of variety which neither Racine nor Corneille ever supposed possible.

* *Œuvres de Voltaire, avec notice, &c.* Par F. Dillaye. Romans. Vol. I. Paris: Lemerre.

† *La légende des siècles.* Par Victor Hugo. Paris: Lemerre.

NOTICE.

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STAINED GLASS WINDOWS and CHURCH DECORATIONS.—HEATON, BUTLER, & BAYNE, Garrick Street, Covent Garden, London. Prize Medals, London and Paris.

CLARK'S PATENT STEEL NOISELESS SHUTTERS,

Self-Colling, Fire and Thief-Proof, can be adapted to any Window or other Opening. From Messrs. CLARK & CO., Sole Patentees, Rathbone Place, W.; Paris, Manchester, Liverpool, and Dublin.

SOUTH AUSTRALIAN GOVERNMENT SECURITIES, FOUR PER CENT. BONDS, PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST PAYABLE IN LONDON. FOR £500,000.

The NATIONAL BANK OF AUSTRALASIA, 149 Leadenhall Street, E.C., is authorized by the undersigned to receive Tenders for SOUTH AUSTRALIAN GOVERNMENT SECURITIES to the nominal amount of £500,000, authorized by the Act of the South Australian Parliament, No. 47, of 1876, assented to October 27, 1876, for the Construction of Railways and other Purposes.

The total amount authorized to be raised by the said Act is £2,188,500, of which the amount herein advertised for tender is the second instalment, £500,000 having been previously raised in February last.

The Bonds, which are for £1,000, £500, £200, and £100, bear interest at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum, commencing on July 1, 1877.

Principal and interest are made payable in London; the interest by Coupon on January 1 and July 1 of each year, and the principal of the issue of £500,000 herein announced, at par on January 1, 1907.

A copy of the authorizing Act, with the Bonds, may be inspected at the office of the undersigned.

Tenders, made in accordance with the annexed form, will be received by the NATIONAL BANK OF AUSTRALASIA, until Two o'clock on Thursday, August 9, when they will be opened in the presence of such of the applicants as may desire to be present.

The Bonds will be allotted to the highest bidders, provided the rates offered are not below £96 10s. for every £100 tendered for.

Tenders at a price including a fraction of a shilling other than sixpence will not be necessarily accepted, and in the event of an equality of Tenders beyond the amount of these Bonds, a *pro rata* distribution on such Tenders will be made.

Five per cent. of the nominal amount tendered must accompany the Tender, and the balance must be paid on Thursday, August 23, when the Bonds will be delivered.

Forms of Tender may be obtained at the office of the NATIONAL BANK OF AUSTRALASIA, or of the undersigned,

ARTHUR BLYTH,

Agent-General for the Government of South Australia,

8 Victoria Chambers, Westminster, August 1, 1877.

FORM OF TENDER.

SOUTH AUSTRALIAN GOVERNMENT SECURITIES, Four Per Cent. Bonds.

To the Manager of the National Bank of Australasia, 149 Leadenhall Street, E.C.

Sir,—I (or we) hereby tender for £ Bonds of the Government of South Australia, according to the notice of the Agent-General, dated August 1, on which I (or we) enclose the required deposit of £ and undertake to pay £ for every £100 in Bonds, and to accept the same or any less amount that may be allotted to me (or us), and to pay the balance in conformity with the terms of the said notice.

Name.....
Address.....
Date.....

INVALID FURNITURE.—CARTER'S PATENT REVOLVING BED TABLE, adjustable for Reading and Writing, 42; Invalid Beds and Couches, adjustable to any inclination of the back, knees, and feet, from 45 to 90; Carrying Chairs, with sliding handles to carry an invalid up and down stairs, 43 15s.; Wicker Bath Chairs, from 43 2s.; Reclining Back-boards, 41 15s.; Merlin Chairs, 47 10s.; Trapped Commodities, 41 5s.; Bed Rests, 12s. 6d.; Leg Rests, 22 5s.; Perambulators, from 43 10s. Drawings post free.
J. CARTER, 6A New Cavendish Street, Great Portland Street, W.

KAMPTULICON CARPET.

A Warm, Soft, and Noiseless Carpet.
For Hotels and Clubs.
For Counting Houses and Shops.
For Churches and Public Buildings.

For Libraries and Studios.
For Halls and Stone Floors.
For Billiard Rooms and Passages.
Plain and in the choicest Designs.

Soft as Carpet, and especially recommended for the Nursery or Hall. Will wash and does not absorb dust.

INDIA-RUBBER GARDEN TUBING.

In 50-feet lengths, with Brass Fittings complete.

Superior Waterproof Macintosh Coats in every material and quality.

Waterproof Driving Aprons, Air and Water Beds, Cushions, &c.

VULCANIZED INDIA-RUBBER MATS.

For Carriages, Warehouses, Offices, Conservatories and Entrance Halls, &c.
Made any size and thickness.

BRITANNIA RUBBER AND KAMPTULICON COMPANY,
22 CANNON STREET, LONDON, E.C.

PIESSE and LUBIN—SWEET SCENTS.

Oignonax, Jockey Club, Patchouly, Francipanni, Lign-Aloe, White Rose, Pnidium, and 1,000 others from every flower that breathes a fragrance. Each 2s. 6d.
Sold by Fashionable Druggists in all parts of the World.
Laboratory of Flowers, 2 New Bond Street, London.

GOOD COMPLEXION.

PEAR'S TRANSPARENT SOAP,

PURE, FRAGRANT, AND DURABLE.

The best for Toilet, Nursery, or for Shaving.

Invariably used by

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AND CHILDREN.

Sold by Chemists and Perfumers everywhere.

WILLS' "THREE CASTLES."—Thackeray, in "The Virginiana," says: "There's no sweeter Tobacco comes from Virginia, and no better brand than the 'THREE CASTLES.'" Sold only in Packets, protected by our Name and Trade Mark. W. D. & H. O. WILLS, Wholesale and Export only, Bristol and London.

WILLS' "BEST BIRD'S-EYE" CIGARETTES.
Sold everywhere in Sixpenny Packets (containing Ten), protected by our Name and Trade Mark.
W. D. & H. O. WILLS, Wholesale and Export only, Bristol and London.

KINAHAN'S LL WHISKY.
Universally recommended by the Medical Profession. A pure old spirit, mild, mellow, delicious, and most wholesome. Dr. HASSALL says: "The samples were soft and mellow to the taste, aromatic and ethereal to the smell. The Whisky must be pronounced to be pure, well matured, and of very excellent quality." 30 Great Titchfield Street, W.

"PRIZE MEDAL" WHISKY of the CORK DISTILLERIES COMPANY, Limited. Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition, 1876, Jurors' Award.

"VERY FINE, FULL FLAVOR, and GOOD SPIRIT."
This fine Old Irish Whisky may be had of the principal Wine and Spirit Dealers, and is supplied to Wholesale Merchants, in casks and cases, by

THE CORK DISTILLERIES COMPANY, Limited,
Morrison's Island, Cork.

LONDON and COUNTY BANKING COMPANY.

Established in 1836, and Incorporated in 1874, under "The Companies Act, 1862."

SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL—£3,750,000, IN 75,000 SHARES OF £50 EACH.
REPORT ADOPTED AT THE HALF-YEARLY GENERAL MEETING, AUGUST 2, 1877.

FREDERICK FRANCIS, Esq., in the Chair.

The Directors, in presenting to the Proprietors the Balance-Sheet of the Bank for the Half-year ended June 30 last, have the satisfaction to report that, after paying interest to Customers and all charges, allowing for Rebate and making provision for Bad and Doubtful Debts, the Net Profit amounts to £122,869 11s. 10d. This sum, added to £11,166 8s. 3d. brought forward from the last account, produces a total of £134,035 9s. 10d.

They have declared an Interim Dividend for the half-year, at the rate of 16 per cent. per annum, which will absorb £120,000, leaving a Balance of £14,035 9s. 10d. to be carried forward to Profit and Loss New Account.

The Dividend, £1 12s. per Share, free of Income Tax, will be payable at the Head Office, or at any of the Branches, on or after Monday, 13th instant.

BALANCE SHEET

Of the LONDON AND COUNTY BANKING COMPANY, June 30, 1877.

Dr.	£	s.	d.	Cr.	£	s.	d.
To Capital paid up.....	3,750,000	0	0	By Reserve Fund.....	1,500,000	0	0
Reserve Fund.....	700,000	0	0	Amount due by the Bank for Customers' Balances, &c.....	2,261,720	1	5
Amount due by the Bank for Customers' Balances, &c.....	2,261,720	1	5	Liabilities on Acceptances, covered by Securities.....	2,233,925	2	10
Liabilities on Acceptances, covered by Securities.....	2,233,925	2	10	Profit and Loss Balance brought from last Account.....	11,166	8	3
Profit and Loss Balance brought from last Account.....	11,166	8	3	Gross Profit for the Half-year, after making provision for Bad and Doubtful Debts, viz.....	349,679	0	7
Gross Profit for the Half-year, after making provision for Bad and Doubtful Debts, viz.....	349,679	0	7		390,845	8	10
					£27,159,500	13	1

Cr.	£	s.	d.	Dr.	£	s.	d.
By Cash on hand at Head Office and Branches, and with Bank of England.....	2,715,691	9	3	Investments, viz.: Government and Guaranteed Stocks.....	2,822,997	18	9
Cash placed at Call and at Notice covered by Securities.....	2,731,537	2	8	Colonial Government and other Stocks and Securities.....	279,317	12	6
	5,447,528	11	10	Discounted Bills and advances to Customers in Town and Country.....	15,706,005	18	0
				Liabilities of Customers for Drafts accepted by the Bank (as per Contra).....	2,233,925	2	10
				Freehold Premises in Lombard Street and Nicholas Lane, Freehold and Leasehold Property at the Branches, with Fixtures and Fittings.....	482,802	19	8
				Interest paid to Customers.....	22,386	18	0
				Salaries and all other expenses at Head Office and Branches, including Income Tax on Profits and Salaries.....	134,615	11	1
					£27,159,500	13	1

Dr.	£	s.	d.	Cr.	£	s.	d.
To Interest paid to Customers, as above.....	32,256	18	5	By Balance brought forward from last Account.....	11,166	8	3
Expenses as above.....	134,615	11	1	Gross Profit for the Half-year, after making provision for Bad and Doubtful Debts.....	349,679	0	7
Rebate on Bills not due, carried to New Account.....	39,876	19	3				
Dividend of 8 per Cent. per Half-year.....	120,000	0	0				
Balance carried forward.....	14,035	9	10				
	£269,845	8	10				

We, the undersigned, have examined the foregoing Balance Sheet, and have found the same to be correct.

(Signed)

MUNGO McGEORGE,
WILLIAM NORMAN,
RICHARD H. SWAINE, } Auditors.

London and County Bank, July 26, 1877.

LONDON and COUNTY BANKING COMPANY.—Notice

is hereby Given, that a DIVIDEND on the Capital of the Company, at the rate of 8 per Cent. for the Half-year ended June 30, 1877, will be PAYABLE to the Proprietors, either at the Head Office, 21 Lombard Street, or at any of the Company's Branches, on or after Monday, the 13th instant.

By Order of the Board,

21 Lombard Street, August 3, 1877.

W. McKEWAN, General Manager.

NUNN'S MARSALA or BRONTE WINE, 25s. per dozen, 47 4s. for six dozen, 112 15s. per quarter-cask, £21 per hhd. Rail paid to any station in England, by THOS. NUNN & SONS, Wine, Spirit, and Liqueur Merchants, 41 Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C. Established 1801.

JOHN BURGESS & SON'S

ORIGINAL AND SUPERIOR ESSENCE OF

ANCHOVIES AND ANCHOVY PASTE

HAVE BEEN MANUFACTURED ONLY BY THEM FOR MORE THAN ONE HUNDRED YEARS AT

107 STRAND (CORNER OF SAVOY STEPS), LONDON.

Order of your Grocer, but see that you get "JOHN BURGESS & SON'S."

E. LAZENBY & SON'S PICKLES, SAUCES, and CONDIMENTS.—E. LAZENBY & SON, Sole Proprietors of the celebrated Receipts, and Manufacturers of the Pickles, Sauces, and Condiments, so long and favourably distinguished by their Name, beg to remind the Public that every article prepared by them is guaranteed as entirely Unadulterated.—25 Wigmore Street, Cavendish Square (late 6 Edwards Street, Portman Square), and 18 Trinity Street, London, S.E.

HARVEY'S SAUCE.—Caution.—The Admirers of this celebrated Sauce are particularly requested to observe that each Bottle, prepared by E. LAZENBY & SON, bears the Label used so many years, signed "Elizabeth Lazenby."

IN CONSEQUENCE OF SPURIOUS IMITATIONS OF

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE, which are calculated to deceive the Public, LEA & PERRINS have adopted a NEW LABEL, bearing their Signature, "LEA & PERRINS," which Signature is placed on every Bottle of WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE, and without which none is Genuine. Sold Wholesale by the Proprietors, Worcester; Cross & Blackwell, London; and Export Oilmen generally. Retail, by Dealers in Sauces throughout the World.

AMERICAN CENTENNIAL—PRIZE MEDAL.

FRY'S CARACAS COCOA.

"A most delicious and valuable article."—Standard.

"The Caracas Cocos of such choice quality."—Food, Water, and Air, Edited by Dr. HASSALL.

TENTH INTERNATIONAL MEDAL awarded to J. S. FRY & SONS.

NATURAL MINERAL WATERS OF VICHY. Property of the French Government.

VICHY CELESTINS. The Water of this spring is very agreeable, sparkling, and slightly acidulated. Remedy for Complaints of the Kidneys, Gravel, Gout, Diabetes, &c.

VICHY HAUTERIVE. This spring contains a greater quantity of carbonic acid, and is especially recommended as a table water.

VICHY GRANDE-GRILLE. For Complaints of the Liver, Biliary Organs, Indigestion, &c.

VICHY HOPITAL. For Stomach Complaints, &c.

VICHY WATERS are pleasant to the taste, and may be drunk pure or mixed with Wine or Spirits.

CAUTION.—See that the Name of the particular Water required is on the Capsule.

Sold by all Chemists, Wine and Mineral Water Merchants. Price 1s. per Bottle.